LONDON
AS AN ART CITY

E LANGHAM SERIES
F ART MONOGRAPHS

N
6770
E7

Merry Christmas.

Barbara –

with love from

F. L. Cody.

Presented to the
LIBRARY *of the*
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
by
Mrs. H. J. Cody

THE LANGHAM SERIES
AN ILLUSTRATED COLLECTION OF ART MONOGRAPHS

EDITED BY SELWYN BRINTON, M.A.

THE LANGHAM SERIES OF ART MONOGRAPHS

EDITED BY SELWYN BRINTON, M.A.

Vol. I.—Bartolozzi and his Pupils in England. *By* Selwyn Brinton, M.A.

Vol. II.—Colour-Prints of Japan. *By* Edward F. Strange, Assistant Keeper in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Vol. III.—The Illustrators of Montmartre. *By* Frank L. Emanuel.

Vol. IV.—Auguste Rodin. *By* Rudolf Dircks, Author of "Verisimilitudes," "The Libretto," &c.

Vol. V.—Venice as an Art City. *By* Albert Zacher.

Vol. VI.—London as an Art City. *By* Mrs. Steuart Erskine, Author of "Lady Diana Beauclerk," &c.

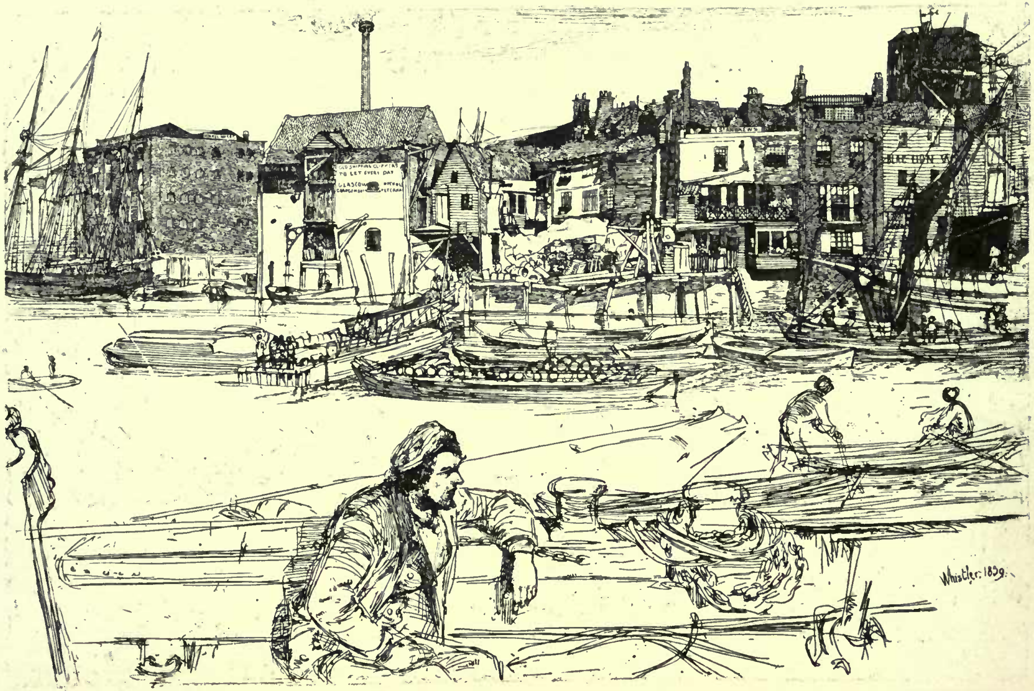
Vol. VII.—Nuremberg. *By* H. Uhde-Bernays.

In preparation.

Frank Brangwyn. *By* P. C. Konody.

Other Volumes to appear shortly.

These volumes will be artistically presented and profusely illustrated, both with colour plates and photogravures, and neatly bound in art canvas. 1*s.* 6*d.* net, or in leather, 2*s.* 6*d.* net.


OLD SHIPPING CLIPPERS TO LET EVERY DAY
GLASGOW
Whistler. 1859.

THE POOL OF LONDON. J. McNEIL WHISTLER.

LONDON
AS AN ART CITY

BY

MRS. STEUART ERSKINE

Author of

"LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK: HER LIFE AND WORK,"

ETC.

A. SIEGLE
2 LANGHAM PLACE, LONDON, W.
1904

LIBRARY
21
JUN
1978
UNIVERSITY
OF TORONTO

N
6770
E7

All rights reserved

TO Z. I.

A LOVER OF LONDON

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The usual authorities have been consulted in compiling this sketch, but, owing to want of space, it has been impossible to give references.

CONTENTS

Page

I. A RETROSPECT 1

II. WESTMINSTER ABBEY 14

III. ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL 30

IV. LITERARY LONDON 40

V. THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE COLLECTIONS . . 56

VI. THE ART OF MODERN LONDON 78

ILLUSTRATIONS

J. McNeill Whistler—The Pool of London . *Frontispiece*

Facing page

London Bridge (*old print*) 4
Portrait of Mrs. Robinson ("Perdita") (*George Romney*) . 10
The Nave, Westminster Abbey 16
Stalls of the Knights of the Bath, Henry vii.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey 22
Gates of Henry vii.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey . 26
St. Paul's Cathedral 34
Gate of Gray's Inn Gardens (*from a sketch by Beatrice Erskine*) 42
The Houses of Parliament 46
Staple Inn, from High Holborn 50
From the Frieze of the Parthenon (British Museum) . 58
The Burial of Wilkie (*J. M. Turner*) 62
The Annunciation (*D. G. Rossetti*) 66
A Lady Carving her Name (*Jean Honoré Fragonard*) . . 72
Board Room of Lloyds' Registry 80
Mr. George Frampton, R.A., in his Studio 84
Portraits of Lady Elcho, Mrs. Adeane and Mrs. Tennant (*John S. Sargent, R.A.*) 92

N.B.—The old gates of London in the initial letters and tailpieces are copied from a rare print in the possession of Mr. F. Rathbone.

CHAPTER I

A RETROSPECT

LONDON as an art city: the title is perhaps open to criticism. We are accustomed to consider our capital as the seat of a great empire, as a centre of commercial activity, as the largest city in the world and, possibly, the most lively; but, in spite of her many beauties, we should be more inclined to apply the term *art city* to Florence, to Venice, or to Rome.

It is the aim of the following sketch to set forth a few of London's more obvious claims to this title and if only a very few of these can be considered in detail in the slender space at our disposal, to gain, at any rate, a clear impression of some of her characteristic architectural features and to refresh the reader's memory with a short account of some of the art treasures collected together within her walls.

In order to understand the London of to-day, it seems almost necessary to give a brief glance backwards over the ages to note how the different strains of art were brought from afar and assimilated within: in a word, to take a bird's-eye view of the progress of art in this country from the earliest times to the present day. In marshalling these facts in their proper order and sequence, the author is conscious of treading on well-worn ground; but, if the process be dull, it will also be brief.

London is a magnet; and it is as a magnet that she must be considered when the long story of her existence as an art city is told. From the earliest dawn of the history of Britain she stands out to us in this character, attracting to herself in ever-increasing numbers the foreign invaders who overran the land and the merchants who found a ready mart for their wares. Foreign invader and merchant alike brought inspiration and impulse and often gave a distinct form to native art.

The Briton and the Celt—more especially the Celt—early acquired considerable proficiency in *repoussé* work, chasing and enamelling, being much influenced by the art of the Phœnician and Etruscan traders and of the Greek colonists from Marseilles. When Julius Cæsar came in 55 and 54 B.C. his short stay made no impression on such things; but when the Romans came again in 61 A.D. and imposed their art as well as their laws and their language on the conquered race, the first great impulse was given.

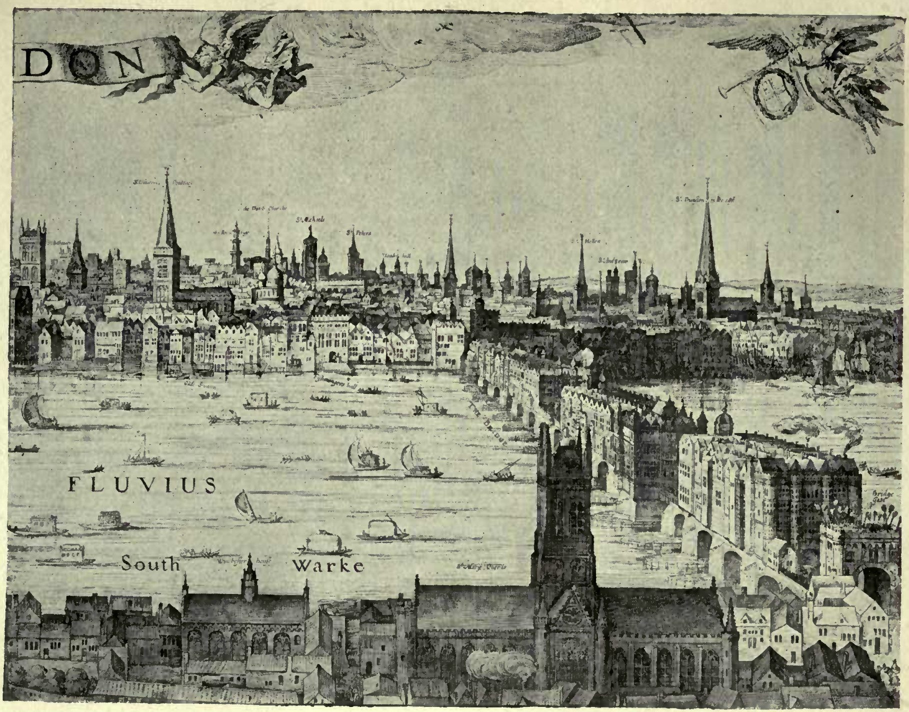
The Romans brought with them the machinery of an advanced and luxurious civilisation. The native, who painted his body in order to appear more terrible in battle, used rings of copper and brass instead of money and whose idea of a city was an entrenchment in his "intricate woods," must have watched with surprise the sumptuous dwellings which began to arise in the land. Palace and portico, baths and villa, civic buildings and military offices, one by one they were erected, faithful if somewhat provincial copies of their prototypes in Rome.

We have a graphic picture of the initiation of the native into this new life from the pen of Tacitus. He appears to have held aloof for a time, but afterwards adopted the toga, spoke the Latin tongue and took only too kindly to the imported luxuries of baths, porticos and the elegancies of the table. He thought, says the historian, that he was learning to be polite, whereas in reality he was only putting the finishing-touches to his slavery.

When the Romans first pitched their camp on the eastern hill of the north bank of the Thames, the surrounding country was little more than a swamp. To the west, the river ran through marsh and morass to where the island of Thorney lay in the delta of the Tyburn ; to east the Fleet, which was navigable up to the time of Edward I., the Walbrook and the Lea, emptied themselves into its flowing tide. Moorland and fen country rolled away to the north and on the farther side of the Thames wide lagoons stretched southwards to the Surrey hills. This watery waste was girdled round about with primeval forest through which the native was hacking and hewing his way to light and to some measure of civilisation.

Without going into the vexed question of topography, it may be assumed that the Roman city eventually occupied the two hills which the Walbrook divided and that it extended from the site of the Tower to the Fleet, which ran into the Thames near the modern Blackfriars Bridge. Southwark was a populous suburb connected with London by a fortified bridge.

The style of architecture which the Romans imposed wholesale on the country was chiefly derived from the Greek in its decadence, with the use of the arch which they had learned from the Etruscans. It was massive and imposing and well suited to those great public buildings which they always erected in their colonies, on a magnificent scale, in order to overawe the barbarian. Besides these, the villas which were erected outside the city were of great extent and considerable pretension. They generally included a Temple, an Exchange and a Circus, as well as the baths, the fountains, the principal living-rooms and accommodation for slaves, and were often surrounded by gardens and orchards. The great courtyard was probably roofed in as a protection against the climate; the windows were certainly glazed and an elaborate system of artificial heating was in use, the hot air being blown into the vacant space beneath the floor, which was raised on piles. The British slaves employed in building these sumptuous abodes soon displayed great proficiency, especially


DON
FLUVIUS
South
Warke

LONDON BRIDGE, A.D. 1616

BY NICHOLAS JOHN VISSCHEN

in the art of making the tessellated pavements for which the Romans were famous. It is interesting to note that they continued to use the same designs for these which had been popular in Rome; only an occasional figure of a hunter with his dog showing that they took anything from native models. The centre was generally taken up with a scene from the Dionysian epic, or a representation of the four seasons; the border frequently showed the Greek key pattern, or gave us those floral designs which afterwards reappeared in early English capitals, or the interlacing patterns afterwards copied in the Celtic crosses. The material used was partly imported from Italy, Giallo Antico, Serpentino and Verde di Prato, a soft stone used in Tuscany, being found side by side with the blue lias from Gloucestershire and a dark brown gritty stone from the Forest of Dean. The walls of these villas were frescoed, and we can form an idea of the interior by studying the Roman remains in the British or Guildhall Museums, where great red Samian jars, black and white pottery, lamps with spout and handle resembling those used in the Catacombs, or fragments of glass bottles, show us the form and colouring of vessels in common use.

After the legions withdrew in 410 A.D. this brilliant dream of civilisation and this dawn of art were swept away as if they had never really existed. The German pirates who were called in by the Britons to defend them against the Scots and Picts were a nation of farmers. After they gained possession of the land, the settled in little village communities as far as possible from the great Roman roads, and certainly the buildings of their predecessors had no attraction for them. They occupied London, it is true, or rather what remained of London for it must have been little more than a heap of ruins, but this was owing to her strong position rather than to any other reason.

Before the exodus of the legions a new impulse had been given to art, again from Rome, by the Christian missionaries, forerunners of the great change that was to come over the world. The Saxons, who began by destroying and sacking the churches, were eventually converted to Christianity and began to build churches for themselves, generally using the material provided by the Roman ruins. In the seventh century there was a Saxon cathedral of St. Paul and a Saxon church and monastery on the island of Thorney. Very little remains to us of their work, and that little is only to be found in unimportant country churches, which the Norman builders did not think worth pulling down to rebuild in the new fashion. Walls of rubble, with the long and short work distinctive of their style on jamb of door and angle of wall, are still sometimes found. They built towers without buttresses and used short rounded pillars as mid-wall shafts. In their interior decorations they copied the Roman arrangement of tiles, either placed horizontally or in herring-bone fashion and were said to have arrived at great proficiency in carved stone work; but of this we have no proof, as it has all perished.

When Alfred was King, London rose into a city of the first importance. It was a time of great prosperity, in spite of trouble with the Danes and the quays must have presented a busy scene, crowded with the foreign merchants anxious to exchange their wares for fair-haired slaves or pearls. It was a city of wooden houses, surrounded by a wall which had been erected in the fourth century and which was fortified towards the river. This wall Alfred repaired and he also rebuilt and repaired a great many of the houses which were in ruins from the constant assaults on the city. In his day London was connected with Westminster by the suburb of the Strand, inhabited by the Danes. The Danes, beyond repairing the Roman ſortresses, do not seem to have contributed much to art, but to have been intent rather on knocking down than on building up.

The next great impulse to art was given by Edward the Confessor. In his exile in Normandy he had become enamoured of Norman architecture and after his return to England he proceeded to rebuild the ruined Saxon church on Thorney Island in that style. For this purpose he brought over Norman builders. Norman architecture was, of course, only a development of the Romanesque, which had grown out of the Roman style ; it was, therefore, a perfectly legitimate successor to the Roman buildings which had once abounded in this country, but it was no gradual development in English soil and must be considered as another foreign form, arbitrarily imposed on the national idea. William the Conqueror only carried on the work begun by the Confessor. In his day many great castles and religious houses were built; he also erected the White Tower to overawe the city of London. William Rufus built the great round-arched basilica of Westminster Hall in the old palace of the Saxon kings; he also added considerably to the Tower.

Henry I., in his turn, added much to the Tower; in his reign the feudal castle of Baynard was built, which was such a feature in mediæval London.

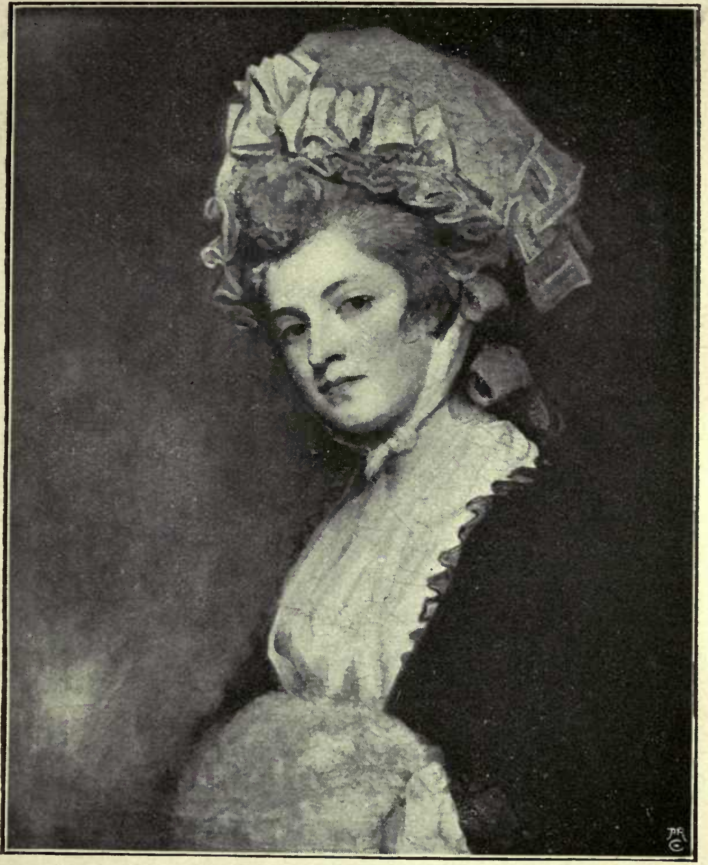
In the gradual transition from Norman to Gothic, we at last find a national art. It owed its origin, it is true, to the French cathedral builders, whose experiments in replacing the wooden roofs with stone ones resulted in the structural changes which culminated in the pointed or Gothic mode. But, while acknowledging the impulse given, we must remember that in England Gothic architecture progressed and developed itself down the same lines, and that the development was longer and in some respects even richer, than in France. In glancing at mediæval London we see many changes. The houses are still chiefly built of wood; they have overhanging stories and pointed gables. In ecclesiastical architecture, the horizontal lines of the classical period are replaced by the vertical lines of the Gothic, which are emphasised more and more as the style progresses from early English to Decorated, from Decorated to Perpendicular. In the thirteenth century Henry III. added the beautiful Choir, transepts and Lady Chapel to the

Norman nave of Westminster Abbey ; in the east, the great Gothic cathedral of St. Paul's was raised on the Norman foundations. One by one the guilds of merchants erected their Halls ; one by one the religious bodies erected their Churches and Monasteries. Apart from those which have perished and whose names are echoed in the modern squares and streets of the twentieth century, we have the fragment of the great monastic church of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, the fine Gothic pile of St. Saviour, Southwark, which has been lately restored, and the Temple Church, built by the Knights Templars in imitation of the round Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem ; the list would be too long if it were comprehensive.

Henry VIII., who was responsible for the dissolution of Monasteries, and for the destruction of so much that was precious, encouraged art in his own way. He was the patron of Holbein and the first English King who made a collection of pictures. In this reign, Cardinal Wolsey rebuilt York Place, which Henry inhabited after his favourite's disgrace and rechristened the Palace of Whitehall. The Tudor architecture with its flattened arches and mullioned windows was very picturesque when applied to domestic purposes and the age of the great church builders was already over.

There is a vivid and detailed picture of the London of Queen Elizabeth in Stow's Survey. We find that it is, to some extent, still a water-city ; but the rivers are gradually being over-arched and covered up and in some cases their course is choked up with rubbish. London Bridge is a fine structure with its fortified gates, its gabled houses and its fortress. Hard by, the gloomy tower of Castle Baynard still frowns over the river. The Lady Chapel of Henry VII. has been added to Henry III.'s Abbey Church and the great steeple of old St. Paul's, 489 feet in height, was burnt down after being three times struck by lightning. In this age art reached its high-water mark in literature, but was less prolific in architecture. Sir Thomas Gresham's Exchange, a fine building in imitation of the Antwerp Bourse, was erected in this reign.

In the reign of James I. the return to classicism, brought about by the Italian Renaissance, was initiated in England by Inigo Jones, who was an ardent disciple of Palladio and had studied in Rome. Charles I., a connoisseur of the first order, who greatly enlarged Henry VIII.'s collection of pictures and was an unwearied patron of art, employed Inigo Jones to design a palace in the Palladian style at Whitehall, which would have been one of the most magnificent in Europe if the troubles of the Civil War had not intervened. This palace would have extended from Westminster to Charing Cross and from St. James's Park to the Thames, with a river frontage of 874 feet. The Banqueting Hall, which was only a small section of the whole, can hardly be judged as it stands at present. It is beautifully proportioned and designed in a grandiose style which would have been most imposing if the whole building had been completed.



Photo, Mansell *Wallace Collection, Hertford House*

PORTRAIT OF MRS. ROBINSON ("PERDITA")

BY GEORGE ROMNEY

Architects find fault with the fact that two storeys are represented on the exterior, while only one is found in the interior; but it has been suggested that this was probably unavoidable when it was considered with regard to the rest of the block. Inigo Jones did comparatively little work in London, but to his successor, Christopher Wren, the Great Fire of London in 1666 gave what was perhaps the most magnificent opportunity ever offered to an architect. The fire began on Sunday, September 3, and was not arrested until the following Tuesday, when 463 acres of smoking ruins were left, among which were Old St. Paul's and fifty-one churches.

Christopher Wren was equal to the occasion. He made a plan for a new city whose broad straight streets centred in a piazza where the Royal Exchange was to stand; but tradition, and possibly suspicion, were too many for him. The citizens began to rebuild their houses on the old sites with such haste that he could not even secure a good approach to his new cathedral. St. Paul's Cathedral has many faults, but it is of magnificent proportions and the outline of the great dome is very beautiful. If Wren were not as faultless and unerring in taste as Inigo Jones, he was a great constructor and engineer and had undoubted genius. This genius he somehow assimilated to the genius of London, and the many spires of his City churches, besides having much merit, harmonise exceedingly well with their somewhat heterogeneous surroundings.

In the eighteenth century art reached its highest level in painting. Architecture was dignified, but not inspired. Possibly the finest example will be found in Sir William Chambers' Somerset House, although the Adam brothers did good work and Dance's Mansion House has merits; the Adams' interior decorations were extremely artistic and houses in London of to-day can show doors and ceilings ornamented by them. In this century, also, came Horace Walpole's Gothic revival which, as Gothic art was unapproachable and inimitable, probably did more harm than good.

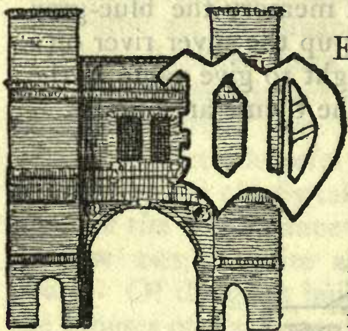
From the standpoint of the twentieth century, when such strides have been taken in architecture, we can predict a hopeful future. As far as London is concerned, it chiefly takes the form of the development of the Renaissance style, which, being applied to new uses, is quite able to develop in a new phase. Of the great buildings of the last century, the Houses of Parliament, designed by Sir Charles Barry, probably hold the first place. They were intended to carry out the mediæval idea and are, in many ways, successful.

In the twentieth century London is still a magnet. She attracts all sorts and conditions of men, and perhaps the never-ceasing stream of human life which pours up and down her crowded streets, may interest the modern student as much as the monuments of the past. It is art in another phase. Here Johnson fed his genius, here Dickens found his inspiration and Thackeray his food for satire. The poetry of numbers, the mass of human beings, surely they too are part and parcel of that art which is expressed in literature and sometimes, rightly or wrongly, in painting.

For the painter, indeed, there are many charms in London. He can sketch in some quiet nook near the Temple, quiet amid the roar of the surrounding city, or catch the impression of the flutter of the pigeons showing white against the stonework of St. Paul's. He can paint the tender spring green of leafage contrasting with the blackened stems of the trees, or reproduce from memory the blue-grey silhouette of a barge passing up the silver river on a misty evening, with a red light to give value to the whole. The variations of the theme are endless.

CHAPTER II

WESTMINSTER ABBEY



WESTMINSTER ABBEY is alive with historical association; it is an epitome of the History of England. It has been so often and so ably described from this point of view that no apology is needed for treating it simply as a work of art, with only such allusions to the times which saw its rise and progress as may be necessary to elucidate the gradual transition of the styles of architecture.

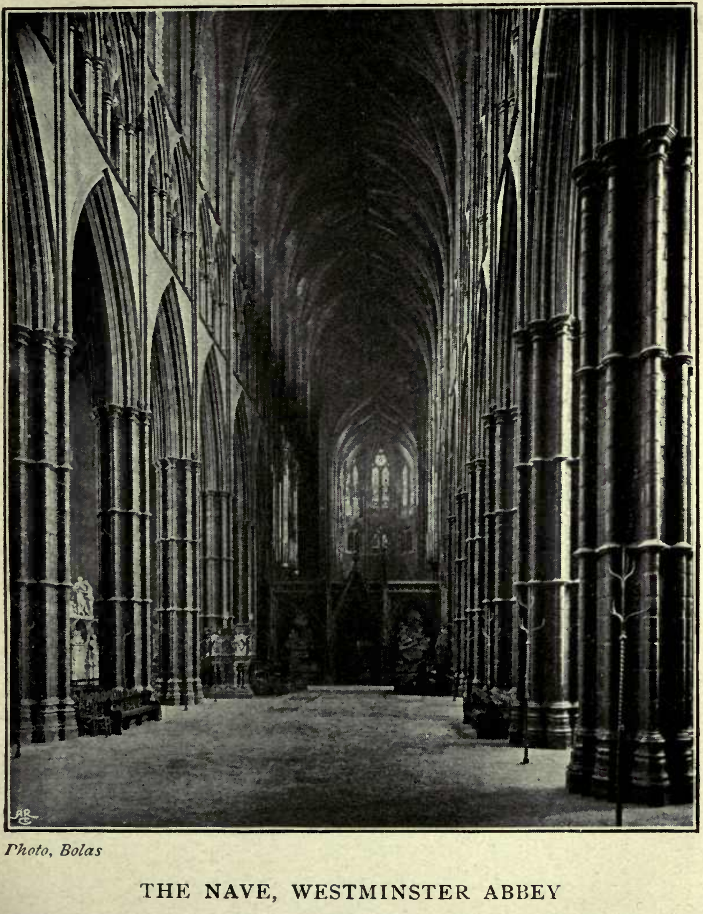
The early history of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter's, Westminster, need not detain us here. The legend of a Temple built by the Romans on this spot has been generally discredited; but it is certain that it has, from very early times, been considered a sacred place. The word "terribilis," which by some has been thought to refer to the wild and uncultivated state of the island of Thorney, was more likely to have been used by old writers in the biblical sense, to imply "holy." Here, as we have seen, the Saxons erected a church and monastery which were destroyed by the Danes and here the Confessor built the first cruciform church which was seen in this country. It occupied about the same area as the present Abbey and was in the Norman style, which he had studied and admired during his exile. It was a solid, round-arched, flat-buttressed pile, with a three-aisled nave, a round apse, a central tower and two small towers at the west end with short spires. As the only remains of this church are in portions of wall and pillars not generally shown, we will pass on to the present building, which was begun in the year 1245 by Henry III.

The exterior, though fine, has suffered much from the hand of Time and still more from the hand of the restorer. Wren's western towers, which he designed on his usual principle, are Gothic in form and Classic in detail; they fall very far short or what they would have been if he had adhered more closely to the Gothic mode. There is, of course, much to interest the student in the exterior with its great flying buttresses, but in the limited space at our disposal it will be better to devote ourselves exclusively to that glorious interior, whose beauties appear more and more each time we enter the Abbey. We may note, on passing in by the north entrance, that the whole north front was encased in Oxfordshire stone by Wren and remodelled in the eighteenth century; the triple portico was designed by Sir G. Gilbert Scott. Richard II. built an entrance here, which was called Solomon's Porch on account of its magnificence, but no trace of this remains.

As we pass up the northern transept we cannot help noticing the monuments of the great dead which crowd the aisles. England's Walhalla must stir the blood from the patriotic standpoint, but as works of art these gentlemen in togas standing on pill-boxes do not exist. We will therefore pass on, and take up a position on the steps which lead up to the Sanctuary, from whence a good view can be obtained of the finest portions of Henry III.'s church. And what a view it is! The soaring lines, the exquisite proportions, the colour, the whole mystery and majesty of the Gothic art charm alike the eye and the senses, while, on a closer inspection, the great beauty of the detail is apparent.

The church is of cruciform shape, with a round apse at the east end, which has the radiating chapels more often seen in France than in England. The best authorities agree that it was probably built on a French plan, but was carried out by English workers; it is noticeable that while the apse with its ambulatory and chapels is French in design, the wide transepts and nave, as well as the whole of the detail, are English in character. After Henry III.'s death, Edward I. continued the nave from the first bay after the crossing to the first bay after the choir screen, after which it was continued by various abbots until 1498, when Abbot Esteney's west window was erected.

The nave consists of twelve bays and is 101 feet height. It is divided into two equal parts, the lower



Photo, Bolas

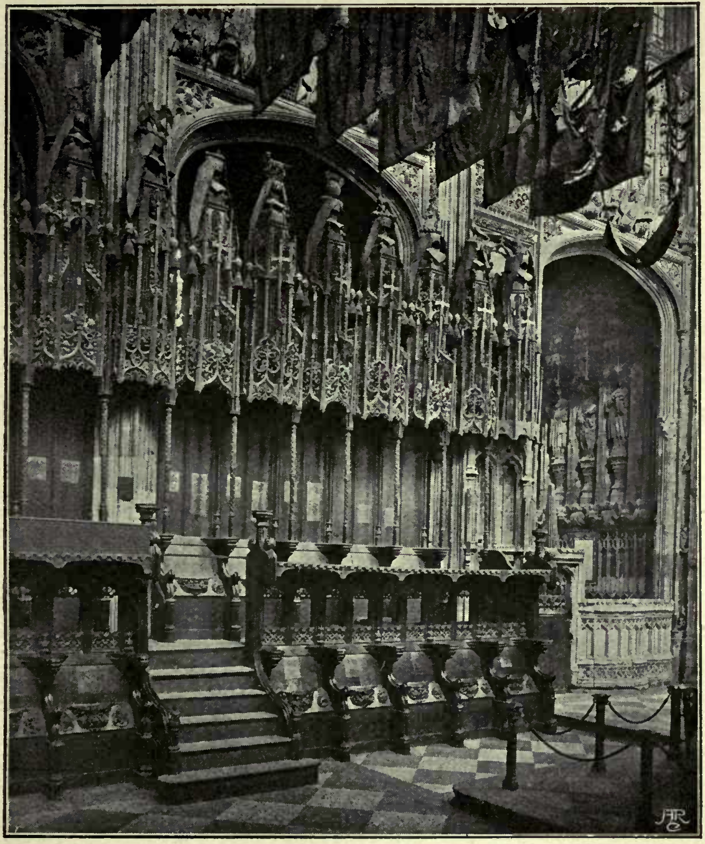
THE NAVE, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

being occupied by the clustered pillars with their arches, while the upper is subdivided into three parts, one-third being given to the triforium and two-thirds to the clerestory. This proportion gives sufficient importance to the triforium, which is one of the most beautiful features in the Abbey. It has a double arcade, the centre shafts being composed of Purbeck marble, while in the cusped cinquefoil decoration of the arches is to be seen the first Bar tracery introduced into England. The enrichments of the arches are curiously varied, some of them having floriated designs in high relief, some flat geometrical patterns and some being simply moulded. The spandrils of the arches are, in the thirteenth-century work, that is to say, in the apse, transepts and one bay of the nave, decorated with a square diaper, which greatly enhances the richness of the effect. This ceases at the point where Henry's work ends and Edward I.'s begins. After the first bay beyond the choir screen we can notice other differences. The piers, which in the earlier work have four detached shafts, have now four moulded and four detached shafts which are bound together by metal instead of by stone, and there are a greater number of ribs in the vaulting of the roof. In the triforium arcading the capitals of the outer pilasters are octagonal instead of round, there is less carving in the arches and the clerestory windows, which are of two lights with a cusped circle in the head, change a little in shape and become trefoil, while the cinquefoil in the head is now quatrefoil. These slight differences, marking the transitions of the Gothic style, are best observed from the triforium, whence admirable views of the Abbey can also be obtained. Considering that two hundred years elapsed before the nave was completed, it is wonderful that the original design was adhered to so faithfully.

After a general inspection of the Abbey, we may well turn our attention to the tombs in the Sanctuary or space before the Altar. The materials for the mosaic pavement were brought over by Abbot Ware from Rome in 1268. It is of fine design, and is composed of Italian marble and porphyry, with a groundwork of Purbeck marble. The Altar and Reredos were designed by Sir G. Gilbert Scott, the sculptured figure being by Armistead and the mosaic by Salviati. The three canopied tombs on the north side are among the most interesting in the Abbey. They contain the remains of Aveline, Countess of Lancaster, who died about 1273; of Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, who died in 1324, and of Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, who died in 1296. He was the second son of Henry III., and was the founder of the House of Lancaster; his tomb with its triple canopy fills the whole space between two piers, under which his effigy in chain armour reposes. These three tombs are excellent in design and were once profusely decorated with mosaic; they were probably all erected about the same time. On the south side of the Altar is the tomb of Anne of Cleves, with skull and cross-bones decoration; the remains of the sedilia for the clergy, on the panels of which almost obliterated frescoes can still be discerned, and the portrait of Richard II., which hangs on a piece of tapestry once used as the scenery of the Westminster play. This picture is one of the earliest contemporary paintings of a British sovereign in existence and would be interesting for this reason, even if it did not give us such a characteristic and beautiful portrait of the unhappy King. It was restored by the late George Richmond.

Before entering the Confessor's Chapel it will be well to remember that when Henry III. adopted the present arrangement of the Abbey he had a distinct reason for so doing. He intended the Choir to be sepulchral and, in order to make room for the shrine, he placed the Altar in the middle of the Choir and removed the choir-stalls to the east end of the Nave. In the east end of the Choir, behind the Reredos, he erected the chapel now known as St. Edward's Chapel, where the remains of the Confessor still repose surrounded by a ring of royal tombs.

This devotion of Henry III. to the memory of the royal Saint is the keynote of the whole fabric, and the Confessor's shrine is the centre of modern interest, as it has been of the veneration of past ages. The shrine itself is of Italian workmanship and is by one "Peter, the Roman Citizen," who was brought over by Henry for the purpose. The twisted pillars, which recall those of the cloisters of St. Paolo and St. Giovanni Laterano in Rome, and the remains of glass mosaic work on the shrine, will repay careful study. The coffin of the Saint is of stone. Abbot Feckenham, in the reign of Queen Mary, added the inlaid wooden top we now see, which probably replaced a Gothic canopy destroyed at the Dissolution, when the Shrine was much injured. In the present reign the Altar has been restored to its place before the Shrine and a crimson hanging has been suspended over the coffin which hides a good deal of the tomb. This is unquestionably done in the right spirit; but it might be suggested that the covering which hides the crimson velvet should be removed. It was presumably put up to the glory of God and in memory of the sainted King and might well lose a little of its gloss without much disadvantage. The tombs in this chapel are all interesting. That of the founder, Henry III., is of Italian workmanship, like the shrine, and still keeps much of its detail intact. The effigy of gilt brass is by William Torel, an English sculptor. King Edward I., lies to the west, between Henry's tomb and the reredos, whereon are sculptured events in the life of the Confessor. It is a great solid altar tomb of dark grey marble, within which the King rests, attired in all the glory of cloth of gold and crown and sceptre. On the south side of the chapel are the tombs of Edward III., with its Gothic canopy, and of Richard II. and his Queen, whose gilt brass effigies lie side by side under a painted canopy. Richard, who was buried at Langley after his murder in Pontefract Castle, was brought here in great state by Henry V. in 1413, and placed in the tomb which Richard had erected for his first wife, Anne of Bohemia. The names of the artists employed were Henry Yelverley and Stephen Lote, marble-workers, and Nicholas Broker and Godfrey Prest, coppersmiths, all citizens of London. The beautiful tombs of Philippa of Hainault and of Eleanor of Castile—the wives of Edward III. and of Edward I.—are placed at the east end of the chapel, where now Henry V.'s Chantry cuts across. Philippa's tomb of black marble is of Flemish design, and is by Hawkin de Liège. The portrait effigy is in alabaster, as are also the decorations of the tomb, which has a wooden canopy. Eleanor of Castile, to whose memory the Eleanor crosses were elected, has a fine tomb in the purely Gothic style, with an effigy by Torel which is celebrated for its beauty. The iron grille by Master Thomas of Leghtone, which is on the side towards the ambulatory, is of exquisite workmanship. The tomb of Henry V., the hero of Agincourt, is sadly defaced and the Chantry which stands over his last resting-place in the form of a letter H hardly gives one the idea of belonging to it at all. A mutilated, headless, wooden figure, lying on a plain low altar tomb which the casual observer might pass without noticing, lies, as it were, on the threshold of the Confessor's chapel. The head, sceptre and regalia, which were of solid silver and the plates of silver which covered the body, were stolen in Henry VIII.'s reign, and have never been replaced. Over this desecrated tomb rises the Chantry, which overspans the ambulatory and has one pier on the steps which lead to Henry VII.'s Chapel. It consists of a small Chapel, to which access is obtained by a narrow turret stair whose steps are worn by the feet of pilgrims. In this Chapel masses were ordered to be said perpetually for the repose of the soul of the soldier king Henry V.; and here, in 1878, the remains of his wife, Katherine of Valois, were placed beneath the altar slab, by order of the late Queen Victoria. The Chantry was erected when the decorated mode of Gothic architecture was at its highest level and the serried rows of sculptured figures under Gothic canopies are admirable in their rich effect. Standing in the ambulatory, just outside the chapel of St. Edmund, an interesting study in transitional architecture can be made. To the north, the early English of the thirteenth century, the double arcade of the triforium with the square diaper enrichment, is seen over the royal tombs; to the east, the high relief of the carving on the Chantry—an example of decorated Gothic in its perfection—is illumined by the light which shines from the window in St. Nicholas' Chapel, while split shafts of gold fall through the pierced stonework of the fine Perpendicular Screen of that chapel on to the worn pavement of the aisle. The beautiful flight of steps leading up to Henry VII.'s Chapel is in deep shadow, but some light catches the stripes of alternate stone and marble on the southern wall and, through the open gates, a glint of gold strikes the eye from the stalls of the Knights of the Bath within the chapel. If it is a study in



Photo, Bolas

STALLS OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE BATH IN HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

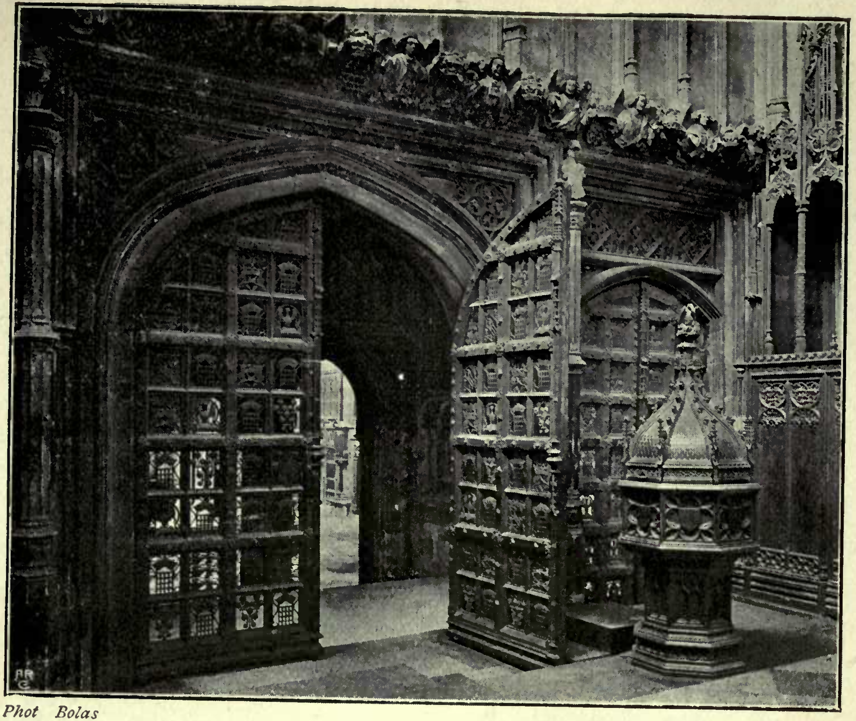
transition, it is also a colour study of extreme beauty.

Henry VII.'s Chapel is a marvel of perfection in its own line. It is built on the same plan as the Abbey, having three aisles and an apsidal east end with tiny radiating chapels. These latter, by-the-bye, are too much crowded up with tombs, which somewhat destroys the effect. The great feature of Henry VII.'s Chapel is the ceiling. It is one of the most perfect specimens of Fan tracery to be found in England and it is in England alone that this exceedingly difficult method of vaulting was achieved. This chapel has been both extravagantly praised and ignorantly abused, according to the trend of public taste at the time. Perpendicular architecture, which was the last mode of the Gothic, was admirable in construction and profuse in ornamentation and, although much of the poetry and genius of the builders of earlier times were gone, it was extremely beautiful. The compiler of Wren's "Parentalia" asks if any one can compare this chapel with its "sharp angles, jetties, narrow lights, lame statues, lace, and other cut-work and crinkle-crankle" with the newly-erected cathedral of St. Paul, or with Inigo Jones' banqueting-hall. Wren himself calls it a "nicely embroidered work," and only regrets that it was built of the tender Caen stone which had been so much used here since the Conquest and which was responsible for so much ruined masonry. "Orbis miraculum," says Leland, —"wonder of the world"; and with this we may leave this gem of the late Lancastrian style to the judgment of posterity, which may criticise, but would certainly be incapable of imitating, its delicate beauties.

The tomb of Henry VII. and his Queen, Elizabeth of York, is by Pietro Torregiano, a Florentine artist, of whom Cellini relates that in a youthful quarrel he broke Michelangelo's nose. The effigies of gilt bronze which lie side by side on the black marble tomb are peculiarly fine and are said to have been faithful portraits. This tomb requires careful study, so beautiful is it in every detail, while the grate, or "closure," which was wrought by English workmen under Torregiano's direction, may be compared to the noble bronze gates at the west end. Here, as in many other parts of the chapel, we find H.R. with a crown and various heraldic devices, of which the most frequent are the leopards of England, the York and Lancaster roses, the *fleur de lis* of France and the Beaufort portcullis. Built in honour of the Virgin Mary and with a view also to receiving the body of Henry VI., who was buried at Windsor, this chapel serves primarily as the shrine of its founder and his memory is recalled to the mind at every turn. The beautiful glass which once filled the windows has disappeared with the exception of one small figure, said to represent Henry himself and many of the statues which once filled the niches are absent, or are much defaced. The altar by Torregiano was destroyed during the Civil Wars, but the present altar has a frieze and two marble pillars which formed part of the original. The candlesticks which stand on it are of delicate workmanship and are the gift of the King of Abyssinia. There is much to interest in the brasses of the Knights' stalls and the Squires' *subsellæ*, over which the knights' casques stand and the golden tatters of their banners wave. But we must pass on to the north aisle and glance at the tomb of Queen Elizabeth, erected by James I. It is by Maximilian Powtrain and John de Critz. The effigy lies under a canopy supported by the Corinthian pillars and is in the same style as the more magnificent one which that King erected to receive the remains of his mother, Mary Queen of Scots. This imposing erection is in the north aisle and stands between the alabaster tomb of the Countess of Lennox, Darnley's mother, and that of the Countess of Richmond and Derby, mother of Henry VII., which is a fine specimen of Torregiano's art. Mary's effigy is by Cornelius Cure. The head is evidently a careful portrait-study and the hands are of great delicacy.

Of the many interesting tombs to be found in the Abbey, probably the finest are those of John of Eltham, who died in 1334, and of William de Valence, who died in 1296, in St. Edmund's Chapel. The latter was once covered with Limoges enamel, of which a good deal remains on the armour, the pillow on which the head rests and the shield, which is of great heraldic interest. The altar-tomb of Chaucer, erected about 1451, the reputed tomb of King Sebert, the exquisite chantry of Abbot Islip, near which is the beautiful little fourteenth-century doorway into the chapel of St. Erasmus, will all detain us in turn. Of a later date, the fine Elizabethan tomb to Sir Francis Vere and the melodramatic representation of Death starting from a Tomb, by Roubillac, have always found admirers; but as this little sketch does not attempt to take the place of a regular guide-book it is impossible even to mention the greater number.

The cloisters are full of interest. Beautiful thirteenth-century work can be found in the East Walk, finished in 1345 by Abbot Byrchester; Abbot Langham began the West and South Walks in 1350, which were continued by Abbot Littlington. The North Walk was built by Edward I. as far as his nave extended and was finished in the fifteenth century, in exactly the same style. The cloister was glazed in the times when the monks used it as a living room; the walls were painted, the floor strewn with rushes and lamps hung from the vaulted roof. It was in the West cloister that Lilly the astrologer went with others to search for treasure at midnight and, after digging down in order to open a tomb, was so terrified at the strange noises that filled the air, that he thought he had raised the devil, and asserts that he had much difficulty in quieting the unruly elements! From the East Cloister we can enter the Chapter-house, skilfully and beautifully restored by Scott. The vaulting springs from a single shaft of Purbeck marble and round the walls runs a trefoiled arcading. The original pavement remains and there is some painting on the walls, but the seven fine windows were rebuilt at the restoration. It is



Phot Bolas

GATES OF HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

octagonal in shape and is built on the vault of the Confessor's Chapter-house. From this cloister we pass down a passage of the Confessor's time, from which a charming side view of the Fountain in Little Cloisters can be obtained, into Little Dean's Yard, where the buildings of Westminster College can be inspected. The College, whose foundation dates from the time of Queen Elizabeth, has always been closely associated with the Abbey and the scholars use some of the old monastic buildings. Their dining-room was the Abbot's Refectory and has a singularly fine musicians' gallery at one end and a lofty timber roof. The tables are said to have been made of the chestnut-wood collected from the wrecks of the Spanish Armada. The great school-room, ninety-six feet long and thirty-four feet broad, occupied part of the monks' dormitory; here, again, there is a fine timber roof. Another feature of great interest is Ashburnham House, now used as a recreation-room for the scholars. It was originally built by Inigo Jones, although there is a good deal in it of a later date. The decoration in the drawing-rooms is especially noteworthy, and the great staircase with its domed roof and arcade of pilasters is quite unique. It would be endless to linger over every charming corner in this bit of old-world London, but we may notice, in passing by, that the archway under the Head Master's house is of the time of Richard II. Over it are two little rooms connected by a turret stair, evidently used in old times by the gate-keeper.

As we go back to the Deanery, which was

formerly the Abbot's house, we may notice the scholars in groups of two and three together, as they pour in and out of the ancient doorway which leads to the school ; or grapple, bareheaded, with a football within the enclosed ground in the centre of the yard. They seem part and parcel of the life of Westminster and we can hardly help grieving, with them, at the demolition of the historic little "tuck shop" in Tufton Street, where, as tradition has it, the beautiful Lady Hamilton once acted as shopwoman in one of the many phases of her changing career.

The Deanery was once occupied by Bradshaw, whose ghost is said to walk the South triforium. It is a charming old house and has access to the Jerusalem Chamber, where Henry IV. died, and where there is much that is interesting.

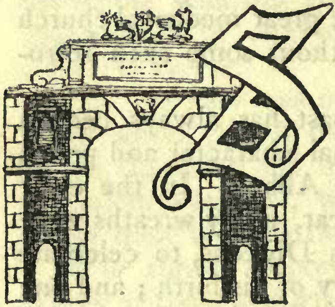
It is almost impossible to leave Westminster Abbey without one glance at the pageants of coronations and funerals which have succeeded each other during the past thousand years. The Coronations have, indeed, been costly and magnificent ; but perhaps the midnight funeral services of our kings and queens, during the middle ages, may have been even more impressive.

We can picture the torchlight processions and the halt of the mourners at the great west entrance. The crowds of ladies, who rode after a queen's remains on their black chargers, alighted here and followed the bier on foot, while in the case of a king's funeral, his chargers were led right up to the altar. Before the altar, on which hundreds of tapers burnt, the funeral-car with its trappings of cloth of gold was placed ; it bore the effigy, gorgeously apparelled, with crown on head and sceptre in hand. The priests chanted, the muffled music echoed in the dim aisles, the heralds broke their wands, the great officers of the Household their rods, the nobles offered their banners. And now all this pageantry of the Middle Ages seems to have vanished away in the smoke of the incense, but the memory is with us in a strong under-current and even the art of the great mediæval church is not wholly intelligible without some such retrospective touch.

The reverence for the past has always been a salient feature of the national character and proofs of it are not wanting in the Abbey. In the early days of February of this year, many wreaths were laid on the grave of Charles Dickens, to celebrate the ninety-second anniversary of his birth ; and one fragrant bunch of violets was placed on the tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots, to commemorate the three hundred and seventeenth anniversary of her execution.

CHAPTER III

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL



S*I monumentum requiris, circumspice.* This well-known and well-merited comment on Sir Christopher Wren's life-work might with equal truth have been written in almost any part of the city of London, as in the Cathedral of St. Paul's. He wrote his name large on the city which arose like a phœnix from the ashes of the old one, and there is hardly a comprehensive view in which one of the graceful cupolas and spires of his churches does not make a familiar and characteristic feature.

St. Paul's Cathedral, as we have seen, stands on the site of a Saxon, of a Norman and of a Gothic cathedral, with a tradition of a heathen temple which is now discredited. The Saxon church being destroyed by fire in 1087, was replaced by the Norman erection, which had a nave with twelve bays and a short apsidal choir and which stood within large precincts. The contours of these precincts can easily be traced on the north and west by the names of the streets, Creed Lane, Ave Maria Lane and Paternoster Row ; while on the east and south are Old Change and Carter Lane. Between the church and the river is a street which until recently was called Paul's Chain, on account of the chain which was drawn across the road during service, to close the way and so ensure quiet.

The Gothic pile of Old St. Paul's was suffered to fall into a terrible state of disrepair. In Charles I.'s reign, Inigo Jones was commissioned to restore it, but it was already too late. He did what he could to prop up the grand old church and recased part of the outside with Portland stone ; he also built a beautiful Corinthian portico, which must have been singularly out of harmony with the rest of the building. When the Civil War broke out the scaffolding was still supporting the vaulting of the roof, which was under repair. It was dragged down by the soldiers of the Commonwealth, who used the Cathedral as a stable for their horses, and Inigo Jones' colonnade was also destroyed. The roof, deprived of its supports, fell in and the Cathedral was left in a state of ruin and collapse until after the Restoration, when Charles II. appointed Wren Assistant Surveyor-General of his Majesty's Works and commissioned him to restore it. This he endeavoured to do, but the Great Fire in 1666 made that course impossible and it was at last resolved to rebuild the church from its foundations.

Christopher Wren, son of a Dean of Windsor, was a man of education and of genius. This genius he had applied to many scientific studies and he would certainly have excelled in whatever branch he had undertaken. Chance seems to have had some hand in determining the issue, but once decided, he devoted himself heart and soul to his art. He was an accomplished engineer and constructor and had probably a natural bias towards those magnificent and durable forms of architecture bequeathed to us by the builders of Greece and Rome. This was, no doubt, increased by his attempts to restore the Gothic buildings, which, although marvels of constructive ingenuity, were apt in the course of ages to become most insecure. When the great opportunity of his life came, Wren was fresh from a sojourn in Paris, where his enthusiasm for Renaissance architecture and for the spirit of Classicism had reached its climax. In a letter to a friend, written in the year 1665, he describes the building of the Louvre, where, he says, a thousand workmen were employed under Bernini, superintended by Colbert. It was the best school of architecture in Europe, according to Wren, as in some parts foundations were being dug, while in others the erection of columns, the inlaying of marble, the decoration of the interior was being carried on ; added to which an academy of painters, sculptors, architects and the chief artificers of the Louvre met every first and last Saturday of the month. No wonder that a body of artists and craftsmen, working all together with knowledge and enthusiasm, and giving mutual help and support, should have succeeded in raising a palace worthy of their efforts.

Wren's first idea for the new Cathedral was a purely classical one, but, finding that the love of tradition was too strong for him, he gave up his scheme in part. The advisory committee, with which he had to act, was in favour of the erection of a new Cathedral as much like the old one as possible. This was so foreign to the bent of Wren's genius that he does not seem ever to have considered it seriously; he merely tried to throw dust in the eyes of his committee and to build an apparently Gothic structure with Classical detail after his own heart. The result is the magnificent compromise with which we are familiar.

It would be useless to dwell on all the difficulties which were thrown in his path, or on the time spent in clearing the ground and laying the new foundations, during the course of which many interesting Roman remains came to light. In the year 1670 he made a design which was approved by the King. The large model which he made on this occasion is still to be seen in the Cathedral; it is in the form of a Greek cross with a great dome in the centre and has a vestibule at the west end surmounted with a lesser dome, outside which a range of pillars in one order rise to the full height of the front. The committee rejected this model, as departing too far from the Gothic mode and Wren then made the present design, in which he hoped "to reconcile, as near as possible, the *Gothick* to a better Manner of Architecture."

It will easily be seen that, hampered as he was, and obstinately as he adhered to his own views, he could hardly fail to produce a somewhat incongruous whole. Magnificent in size and finely proportioned, it is, in his own words, "coloss and beautiful," but it has many faults which cannot escape the most casual observer.

The exterior, which is far finer than the interior, is marred by the two orders of columns, the lower Corinthian, the upper Composite, which give the idea of a two-storeyed building, whereas of course it consists of only one. Wren at first intended to have only one order and excuses himself on the grounds that he could not procure the Portland stone in sufficiently large blocks for this purpose. Bramante, he says, could easily get large enough blocks in the quarries of Tivoli for his columns in St. Peter's, but even he had to diminish the proper proportions of his cornices, as he could not find a suitable stone. With the two orders Wren preserved a proper proportion of his cornice and raised his building to the required height. If, instead of deviating from the true principles of architecture, he had made a clerestory with projecting side aisles, he would have done better and he could have saved himself the trouble of an apology. The Cathedral is on the plan of a first-class Gothic cathedral and, if he conceded so much, he should have carried out the whole on those lines. Nothing can do away with the fact that the upper order is merely a screen and not an outer wall and, although we may acknowledge that it acts as a gigantic buttress to

Photo, Bolas

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

resist the thrust of the dome, it would surely be better to discriminate, as the mediæval builders did, between a buttress and a wall and to give to each their appropriate form.

The dome is beautiful and, although it is only an outer covering and does not express the inner dome as seen from the interior, we can pardon that more easily. The outline is very fine and the colonnade which surrounds it is blocked in every fourth intercolumniation, which gives a beautiful play of light and shadow.

Wren had formerly intended to raise the dome only to the height of the inner shell, but he was obliged to heighten it to satisfy his critics; and with this view he erected a brick cone outside the inner dome and constructed a large outer dome of wood covered with lead, on which he placed a stone lantern surmounted by a ball and cross in copper gilt.

The west front has two graceful campaniles and a double order of columns and is very good in effect.

Inside, the fine proportions strike the eye; but, as a whole, it is somewhat cold and monotonous and the choir is very poor. As we stand under the dome and look upwards, the Whispering Gallery is at a height of one hundred feet and over it thirty-two Corinthian pilasters lean somewhat inwards; above them the paintings of Sir James Thornhill, which decorate the dome, are generally obscured by a blue mist. The church is in the form of a Latin cross, with a choir which terminates in the form of a semicircular tribune. The pier-arches are few and not impressive; the vaulting of the aisles is in the form of small flat domes with wreaths of heavy moulding.

As far as the decoration of the interior goes, however, it is hardly fair to judge Wren. He was superseded in this part of the work in the year 1718 by William Benson, he having been accused of delaying the completion of the work from corrupt motives. He had, however, secured the services of Grinling Gibbons, whose work is to be seen in many of the City churches and whose choir-stalls are quite admirable. He had also engaged Tijou to design the great gates and railing which were made of hand-worked charcoal-smelted iron and were the last produced and smelted in Sussex. They are of a bold and artistic design and excellently well worked. We know that Wren intended to decorate the interior with painting and gilding, with marble and mosaic; if he had been allowed to carry out his intentions, the effect would doubtless have been much finer. As it is, it has been left to the present generation to accomplish his work. The mosaic, which already adorns the choir, is now being placed in the little flat domes of the vaulting of the aisles and is being carried out under the direction of Sir William Richmond by an English firm. It is an eminently suitable and enduring form of enrichment and should enhance the appearance of the Cathedral when finished. The spandrils of the great arches round the dome are after designs by G. F. Watts, R.A., A. Brittan, and Alfred Stevens and were carried out by

Venetian workmen. A picture by Mr. Watts, one of the most beautiful and suggestive which his productive pencil has given us, hangs in the nave, giving a welcome note of rich colour.

The elaborate baldacchino designed by Wren was never executed; the present reredos was designed by Messrs. Bodley and Garner.

The building of St. Paul's occupied a space of thirty-five years, the foundation-stone being laid in 1675 and the last stone on the top of the lantern being put in its place by the surveyor's son in 1710. It was truly a great work and, in spite of many trials and disappointments, the veteran architect must have had many pleasant thoughts during the long hours of the day which, once a year, he was accustomed to spend under the dome of St. Paul's. He died in 1723, aged ninety-one.

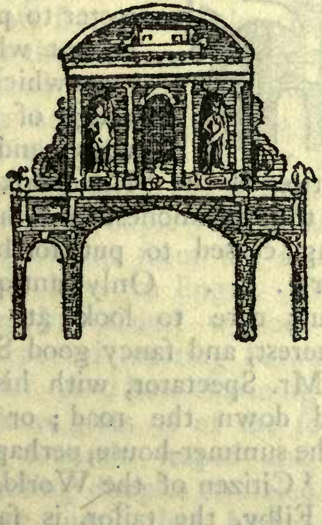
There are many celebrated people buried in the Cathedral, naval and military heroes, artists and men of letters. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, with other artists, offered to paint decorations for the interior—an offer which was refused owing to the Puritan proclivities of the Dean—has a monument by Flaxman, who also designed other tombs here, and there are several specimens of Chantrey's work.

The sarcophagus which stands over Nelson's grave is said to be by Benedetto da Rovezzano, who also designed the candlesticks which stand by the altar, although Hare attributes the tomb to Torregiano. It was intended for Cardinal Wolsey, ordered to be completed for Henry VIII., and never used until 1806, when it was placed over the grave of Nelson.

The Wellington Monument, now seen to advantage in the nave, is the finest tomb in the Renaissance style achieved in modern times. It is by A. Stevens, who died before he had accomplished the equestrian statue which was to have surmounted the canopy. The effigy of the Duke lies on a bronze sarcophagus under a canopy supported by marble pillars, at the sides of which are the figures of Courage subduing Cowardice and of Virtue overcoming Vice. The names of his victories are written round the base.

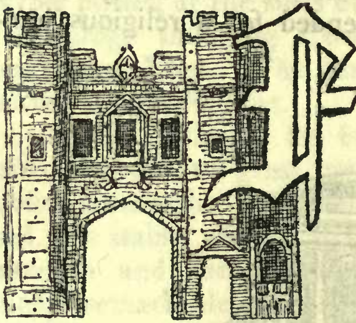
St. Paul's Cathedral has been the scene of many public funerals to great men and of many great public rejoicings. It has also, as we have seen, been used as a stable, and it may be added that in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries it was chiefly remarkable for the number of vagabonds and thieves who frequented its aisles, while "Paul's Walk" was a fashionable promenade. From 11 to 12 and from 3 to 6 these worthies discussed the topics of the day in the central aisle, making a "still roar, or loud whisper" during divine service; the expression "dining with Duke Humphrey" referred to the out-of-pocket gentlemen who spent the dinner-hour in the same place, near the tomb of Duke Humphrey. Inigo Jones' portico was destined to receive this unruly congregation, which was probably dispersed during the troubles of the Civil Wars.

Of Wren's churches, there is not space to speak here. St. Stephen's, Walbrook, is the most ambitious and St. Mary-le-Bow the best known. The exquisite grace of the spire of this church is a ſamiliar landmark in Cheapside and makes us forgive, or perhaps ignore, the extremely ungainly interior. Interiors were certainly not Wren's strong point, and the fact that he lived in an age when the Puritan influence was paramount in the Church of England may account ſor many of his churches resembling law courts or assembly rooms, rather than buildings intended for a religious purpose.



CHAPTER IV

LITERARY LONDON



“FASHION has long deserted the green and pretty Temple garden, in which Shakespeare makes York and Lancaster to pluck the innocent white and red roses which became the badge of their bloody wars; and the learned and pleasant writer of the ‘Handbook of London’ tells us that ‘the commonest and hardiest kind of rose has long ceased to put forth a bud’ in that smoky air . . . Only antiquarians and literary amateurs care to look at the gardens with much interest, and fancy good Sir Roger de Coverley and Mr. Spectator, with his short face, pacing up and down the road; or dear Oliver Goldsmith in the summer-house, perhaps meditating about the next ‘Citizen of the World,’ or the new suit that Mr. Filby, the tailor, is fashioning for him, or the dunning letter that Mr. Newberry has sent. Treading heavily on the gravel, and rolling majestically along in a snuff-coloured suit, and a wig that sadly wants the barber's powder and irons, one sees the great Doctor step up to him (his Scotch lackey following at the lexicographer's heels, a little the worse for port-wine that they had been taking at the Mitre), and Dr. Johnson asks Mr. Goldsmith to come home and take a dish of tea with Miss Williams. Kind faith of Fancy! Sir Roger and Mr. Spectator are as real to us now as the two doctors and the boozy and faithful Scotchman."

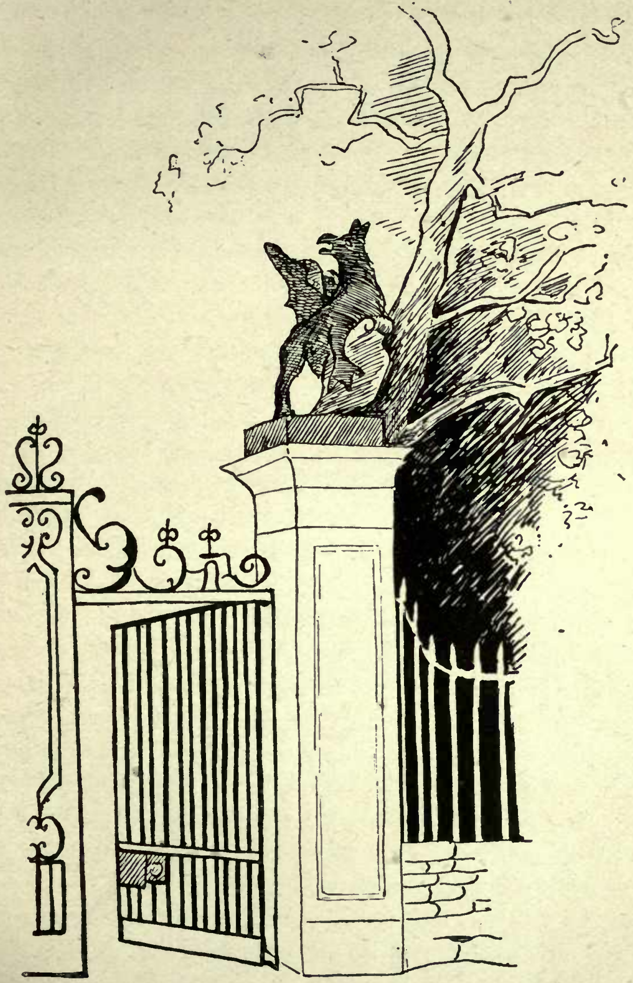
So says Thackeray in "Pendennis," and few will deny that his popular hero and his abler but less fortunate friend, Warrington, who shared chambers in Lamb Court, are as real to us as individuals and almost as remote from us in the conditions of the time in which they lived, as the greater Templars of flesh and blood who preceded them. There are other fictitious shadows which take their place side by side with the shades of the departed, and amongst these we must surely number Ruth and Tom Pinch, whose simple idyll is as far removed from the gorgeous as from the squalid paths in which romance loves to linger. Who can pass through Fountain's Court without remembering that most unexpected meeting between Ruth and John Westlock? And how charming is the description that Dickens gives us of the fountain itself: "Merrily the fountain leaped and danced, and merrily the smiling dimples twinkled and expanded more and more, until they broke into a laugh against the basin's rim."

Some such memories are bound to assail us as we pace the leafy courts and gardens of the Temple, for we are in the heart of literary London.

Chaucer was a student of the Middle Temple in the reign of Edward III., Sir Walter Raleigh describes himself as being of the Middle Temple, and Spencer sang its "bricky towers"; in Middle Temple Hall Shakespeare witnessed, or perhaps took part in, his play of "Twelfth Night." Those discursive worthies, John Evelyn and Samuel Pepys, were both fond of wandering in the Temple and Gray's Inn Gardens and there is a vision of flying coat-tails which is somehow characteristic of the latter, on the occasion when he was overtaken by rain in the Temple Gardens after visiting his "cozen," and was obliged, being without an umbrella, to run for a coach. As to Evelyn, he must certainly have walked here with Monsieur Kiviet, the gentleman pensioner of Rotterdam, who was "brother-in-law to Van Tromp, the Sea Generall," in order to discuss their great project of the Thames Embankment. The river was to be wharfed "from the Temple to the Tower, as far as the fire destroyed, with brick, without piles, both lasting and ornamental."

The names of literary men who have lived in the Temple crowd in upon us and if we seem somewhat ungrateful to the great lawyers, here on their own ground, it must be remembered that the lives of writers come more within the scope of a book dealing with the art of London.

It was at No. 1 Inner Temple Lane, that Dr. Johnson lived for some time and up this lane



GATE OF GRAY'S INN GARDENS

From a Sketch by BEATRICE ERSKINE

he thundered in pursuit of Topham Beauclerk and Mme. de Boufflers, in order to hand the lady to her carriage in Fleet Street. As he was attired in a suit of rusty brown, with the sleeves of his coat and the knees of his breeches hanging loose and a little shrivelled wig on the top of his head, the spectacle caused no little amusement to the bystanders.

Oliver Goldsmith lived at No. 2 Brick Court, where he used to dance and sing over the head of the erudite Blackstone, who was composing the celebrated Commentaries on the floor below. Here Goldsmith died on April 4, 1774, leaving many unpaid bills and an unrequitable debt to be charged to posterity. It was at first proposed to give him a public funeral at Westminster Abbey with Lord Shelburne and Lord Louth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke, Beauclerk and Garrick for his pall-bearers; but, in the end, he was buried quite quietly in the Temple churchyard, and the mourner who seems to have impressed subsequent writers the most is Hugh Kelly, author of the "School for Wives," who was left weeping alone over the grave of his great rival after the crowd had dispersed. The stone to his memory which bears his name was not erected until 1860, but a tablet commemorates him in Poets' Corner, with a medallion by Nollekens and a Latin inscription by Johnson.

Charles Lamb was born within Inner Temple precincts—a fact of which he was very proud; he has written charming lines about it in the "Essays of Elia." Cowper, the poet, has left us a picture of his attempted assassination in his rooms in this Inn; a picture which, in its pitiless detail, yields in nothing to the realism of to-day. Ford, Rowe, Congreve, Fielding, Wycherley, Shadwell, Sheridan, Tom Moore and many others were called to the Bar in the Middle Temple, which is especially rich in literary associations. Lincoln's Inn can boast of many distinguished lawyers and some notable chaplains, including Donne and Bishop Heber. Sir Thomas More was entered in 1496; both Charles II. and Prince Rupert were also Benchers. Nicholas Bacon and his great son were Benchers of Gray's Inn and the latter wrote the "Novum Organum" there. He was treasurer of Gray's Inn in 1597; he superintended the purchase of the trees in the garden and is said to have planted the catalpa with his own hand. Dr. Johnson, who often moved his household gods, lived in Staple Inn at one time, which was a dependency on Gray's Inn, and here he wrote "Rasselas" in two days and a night and took the proceeds to pay for the expense of his mother's illness.

Beaumont and Shirley, the dramatists, were both of the Inner Temple; Thackeray and Tom Taylor shared rooms in Crown Office Court before the former removed to Goldsmith's old rooms in Brick Court. The list of names would be almost endless were it complete.

We may sum up the history of the Temple in a few words. The Knights Templars, an order whose vows pledged them to poverty, chastity, obedience and succour of the Holy Land, settled in Holborn in 1118, where they built a round church in imitation of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. As they seem, in spite of their vow of poverty, to have acquired great wealth, they moved to the meadows by the Thames, where they built a palace and another round church, the desecrated or restored remains of which are still to be seen. In 1313 the Templars were persecuted, tortured, despoiled and dispersed and their possessions were given to the rival confraternity of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. There does not seem to be any clear reason for this harsh treatment and the Knights of St. John must have been rather embarrassed by their new acquisition, which they let out to Aymer de Valence and afterwards to a society of the Students of Law. After the suppression of religious bodies in the reign of Henry VIII. the tenancy of the lawyers was confirmed and in the reign of James I. the property was finally conferred on them.

The most ancient part of the Temple is to be found in the church, which has been called the "authorised copy" of the original. Descending some steps, for it is beneath the level of the road, we enter through a Norman archway into a circular building, from which most of the marks of venerable age have been carefully scraped and nearly all the ancient monuments removed. However much we may regret the successive restorations which have done so much to spoil the church, it can hardly fail to interest the student, being one of the most striking examples we possess of the transition from Norman to Gothic architecture. It was consecrated by Heraclitus, the patriarch of Jerusalem, in 1185 and is Norman in the form of the higher windows and in the double arcading which runs round the triforium. This arcading, which gives the effect of the pointed arch at the intersections, is said to have first suggested the idea of Pointed architecture; but this seems unlikely, as we have seen that this mode arose naturally out of certain structural changes which took place in the Norman style. The choir, which was added in 1240, is a very graceful and beautiful example of Early English architecture. The "restorers" of 1830 have kindly left us a small selection of tombs, which they have planted like the flower-beds in a formal garden and surrounded with a railing. The effigies of the knights in their chain-armour are both interesting and beautiful.

The Great Fire of 1666, which stopped short of the Temple Church, wrought havoc with the Inner Temple, and for this reason there is not much to be seen there of an earlier date.

The Master's House, which belongs to both the Inner and Middle Temple, is said by Mr. Loftie to have been most likely designed by Wren, but he was unable to obtain access to the documents which would have proved this, so it must merely be offered as a suggestion. It was rebuilt soon after the fire, and the same author points out that some of the gateways in King's Bench Walk, which were of the same date, also resemble Wren's work. The Great Hall was erected by Sidney Smirke in 1869 and although it has a poor exterior the interior has merit

Photo, Art Repro. Co.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

and the timber roof is handsome. It contains some interesting pictures, notably the portrait of Sir Edward Cope by P. Vansomer.

The Middle Temple Hall is extremely picturesque. It is one hundred feet long, forty-two feet wide and forty-seven feet high. It has a noble open timber roof with hammer-beams and a most beautifully carved screen and musician's gallery. As the light streams in through the painted glass and touches up a gleam of colour on some heraldic brass set in the dark oak panelling, the effect is most beautiful. The associations of the Hall, too, are most interesting. On the slightly raised daïs at the farther end, Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was actually given; the Benchers' table which stands there now was presented by Queen Elizabeth and is made of oak from Windsor Forest, while the table just below the daïs was taken round the world by Drake. On the walls are a fine series of the portraits of some of our sovereigns, including the large equestrian portrait of Charles I. entering the City of London, which is attributed to Van Dyck.

After visiting the picturesque courts of the Middle Temple, we can cross Fleet Street and walk up Chancery Lane, entering Lincoln's Inn by the interesting old gateway built in the reign of Henry VIII. The old Hall is sadly disfigured with stucco outside and with a false ceiling inside. The screen of 1819 has been painted over the real oak with an artificial graining and the whole fabric has been so spoilt that, although it is really old and has a *louvre*, or lanthorn, in the centre, which was erected in the reign of Edward VI., it has no appearance of antiquity. The new Hall is extremely fine; it is by Philip Hardwicke and was erected in 1843. It is certainly one of the handsomest of modern buildings and has a beautiful open timber roof. There is much interesting heraldry, as there is throughout the Temple, and some good pictures, besides a large fresco on "The Origin of Legislation," by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. There are many charming corners to explore in Old and New Squares and the surrounding Courts, and Inigo Jones' rather curious church, standing on arches, deserves a visit on account of the beautiful stained glass in its windows.

In Lincoln's Inn Fields we find Sir John Soane's house, which, with its art treasures, he left as a legacy to the nation. It is still more like the private house of a connoisseur than a museum and a stroll through its labyrinth of small rooms and unexpected passages is full of charm.

Much of the house is left exactly as it was in the lifetime of its possessor, who, it will be remembered, was the architect of the Bank of England. The large sunny windows of the dining-room look on to the verdant expanse of Lincoln's Inn Fields, whose gardens were laid out by Inigo Jones; the walls of this room are lined with books against which stand quaint chairs inlaid with mother of pearl. Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Snake in the Grass" hangs on a wall opposite the portrait of the late master of the house by Sir Thomas Lawrence;

Cardinal Grimani's "Commentaries on the Epistles of St. Paul," illumined in pure bright colour by Giulio Clovio, are on a table near at hand; while great Greek jars show their admirable contour and the dull red and black of their colouring. There is a note of individuality everywhere, and if there is some rubbish there is also much to interest. Among the gems of the collection are the great Sarcophagus of Osiris, father of Rameses the Great; Hogarth's "Rake's Progress," and a singularly fine Canaletto. The family portraits by Downman, in pencil and faint colour, are worth noticing.

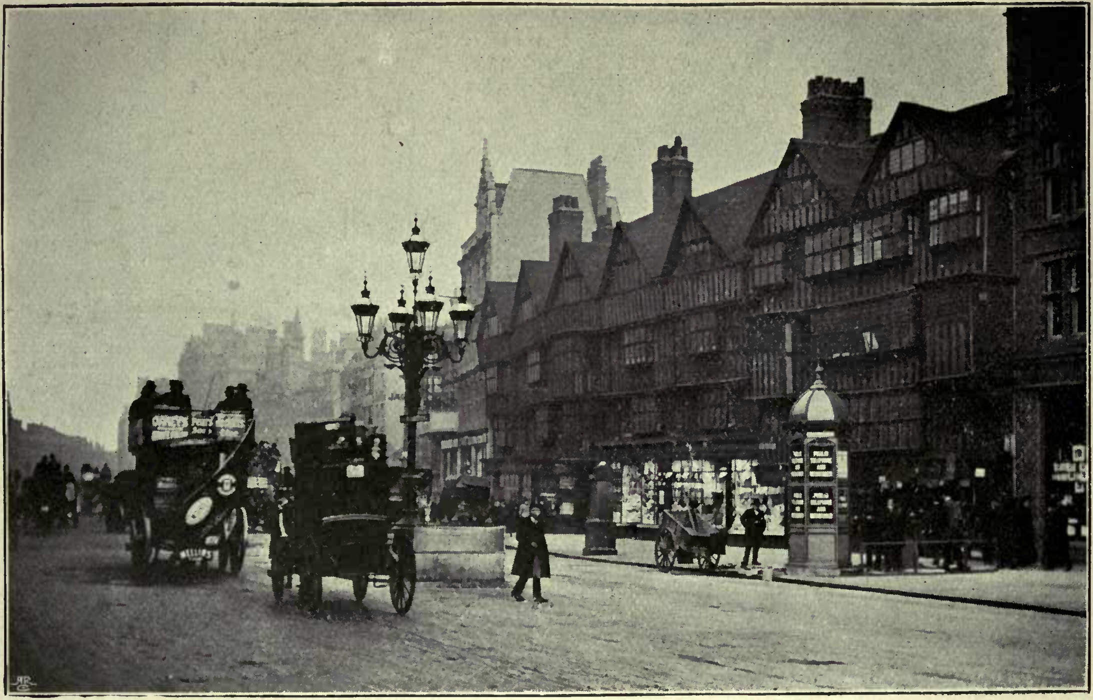
Before passing on up Chancery Lane to High Holborn, it would be well to look in on the Museum, where was once the Rolls Chapel, in order to admire Dr. Young's beautiful tomb by Torregiano. Once in High Holborn we cannot fail to be impressed by the quaint gables and projecting storeys of the old timber houses of Staple Inn. Many people besides Nathaniel Hawthorne must have been tempted to wander through the arched doorway into the quiet courtyard which seems so remote from the busy world outside, though perhaps no other has given us a word-picture breathing the spirit of quiet, old-world charm which is so distinctive of the place. The little Hall is very picturesque and dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Gray's Inn, which is on the northern side of High Holborn, takes its name from Lord Grey de Wilton, whose property it once was. It seems to have been leased to the lawyers at a very early date, and is one of the most picturesque of all the Inns of Court. The architecture is generally more suggestive of French influence than of English. The dark-red brick houses with their steep roofs are very decorative and yet very simple, and Gray's Inn Gardens have long been famous for their grassy slopes. The Hall, the oldest of all and celebrated for its Masques and Interludes, suffered greatly at one time from the hand of the restorer, but has more recently been rescued from the disfiguring stucco in which it was once smothered. It is now a beautiful old room with the hammer-beam ceiling and oak panelling which usually distinguish these halls.

Many great names are connected with Gray's Inn. Sir Nicholas Bacon and Lord Bacon head the list; while the great Lord Burleigh, George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange and many others follow after.

If we have lingered over these seats of learning and over the history of the two great churches of London, so much alike in their early traditions and so totally unlike in their architecture and associations, we must necessarily pass over much that is interesting.

The grand old church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, is only a fragment of the monastic building, but what a glorious fragment! The greater part of the nave is gone, but the massive Norman pillars, the stilted horseshoe arches of the choir, the oriel of Priar Bolton's pew, are much admired and are often sketched by artists, who get a strong effect of light and shade from the darkened



Photo, Art Repro. Co.

STAPLE INN FROM HIGH HOLBORN

ambulatory which surrounds the apse. The tomb of the founder, Rahere, the "pleasant-conceited, witty gentleman," the courtier, or as some say, the jester, of Henry I., is quite admirable. The recumbent effigy of the first Prior, round whose memory still lingers an aroma of quaint humour mingled with piety, lies on an altar-tomb under a beautiful Gothic canopy. Rahere also founded St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where some good pictures can be seen in the modern Hall and Hogarth's great paintings on the staircase. These latter, by the way, are more remarkable as evidence of a laudable attempt on the part of the painter to soar above the commercial side of his art, than for their intrinsic merit.

St. John s Gate, Clerkenwell, should be visited.

The Priory of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who also became the owners of the Temple, was founded in the reign of Henry I., consecrated in 1185 by Heraclitus, patriarch of Jerusalem, burnt to the ground by Wat Tyler, and rebuilt in 1504. There are some picturesque old rooms over the gateway, which is all that remains of the second foundation. Here Cave, the printer, started the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1731, and here Dr. Johnson is said to have induced Garrick to make his first appearance before a London audience.

This district, called after the well where the Clerks used once a year to perform a religious play before the King, the Court and the people, is now chiefly inhabited by watch and clock makers. Returning through Smithfield, we may remember that, besides the pageants and tournaments and the yearly saturnalia of Bartholomew's Fair, this square witnessed the sufferings of the martyrs, many of whom were condemned to death in the exquisite Lady Chapel of St. Saviour's, Southwark, over the water. This church, which has been most excellently restored and partially rebuilt, is a large cruciform building, containing many interesting tombs. In the Early English Lady Chapel, Gardiner held his Consistory Court in the reign of Mary I., and from this church they were taken to Smithfield, to suffer on the stake. Another church, where some very fine tombs are to be found, is the Nun's Perpendicular Church of Great St. Helen's, and in the neighbouring Crosby Hall we can refresh exhausted nature—for it is now a restaurant—and moralise over departed greatness. This house was built by Sir John Crosby in 1461, and after his death was inhabited by Richard, Duke of Gloucester ; it can boast of having had Sir Thomas More for an inmate and was for many years the residence of the beautiful Lady Pembroke,

> the subject of all verse,
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,

whose fascinating portrait now hangs in the National Portrait Gallery. The picture is by Marc Gheeraedts and represents her as a fair woman with rather prominent eyes and an expression of singular charm. She sits facing the spectator, dressed in rich brocade of black and white and red, with a cap and ruffle of gossamer lawn and point lace.

The drapery which forms the background is of a strong dull scarlet and in one corner is painted a little garland of flowers, under which is written this motto: "No spring till now."

Crosby Place, or Crosby Hall, as it is still called, although it has passed through so many hands since it was owned by the merchant prince, is mentioned several times by Shakespeare and in later times served as the office of the East India Company. It is one of the most perfect specimens of domestic mediæval architecture remaining to us.

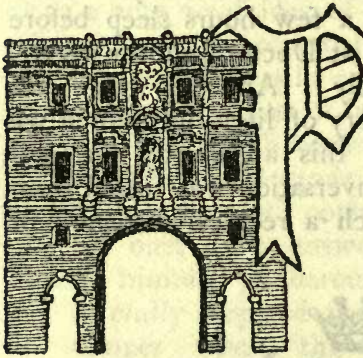
We have still left much unvisited. The Tower, the Great Hall at Westminster, the Houses of Parliament, the many Halls of the City Companies, the many churches which abound in the City, the Palaces of Lambeth and Fulham, the picturesque neighbourhood of Old Chelsea—and still the list is not ended! The Guildhall, whose walls were seen to shine like burnished brass during the awful days of the Great Fire, but which did not succumb when all else was cracking and falling around it, deserves a longer notice than we can give it here. The fine Hall, where so many goodly banquets have taken place, the beautiful crypt, the Roman Museum, the Modern Picture Gallery, even those strange twin-gods, Gog and Magog, will each detain us in turns. But time flies, and if a last halt can be called before closing this chapter, it might well be at another hostel which has a quaint interest of its own. The Cheshire Cheese, a small tavern off Fleet Street, is interesting because it was the resort of Dr. Johnson and his friends, of that little clique which afterwards formed the Literary Club and had its meetings in Gerrard Street. It must be very little changed since that brilliant epoch in the conversational history of London, when men seemed to have poured out their stores of wit and knowledge and satire and fun, unreservedly and without stint, in the ephemeral joys of speech.

Perhaps we owe them some grudge, for repartee is but a poor thing when reproduced from the reporter's note-book; but, all the same, we seem to glean a very vivid idea of the life they led and of the spirit which animated their endless discourses. The visitor can easily repeople this strange little room with the shades of its former *habitués*. As he sits in a seat which resembles a high-backed pew, with his feet on the sanded floor and his gaze fixed on the great Doctor's portrait, he calls them in and, one by one, they answer his summons. The Doctor himself, ponderous, with weighty periods and carefully prepared rhetoric, is inclined to lose his temper when the nimble-witted Topham Beauclerk changes the conversation too soon, or out-talks him with that store of anecdotes which raised both his wrath and his admiration. Burke, a good talker, but a bad listener, is also inclined to take the lead, while Bennet Langton, slow and long-winded, is almost impossible to stop when once he has started. Bozzy, invaluable man, is too much intent on his idol, or on the word he gets in himself now and then, to be a good reporter of general talk, but still it is to him that we owe what we know of the circle of wits, and we must not forget it. Garrick with his fun, Goldsmith with his blunders, Reynolds with his trumpet—are they not all visible to us in the eye of the imagination ?

When they disperse in the early dawn, the noise of the chairs and coaches can be heard quite distinctly and the voice of Beauclerk rises above the others as he orders his servant to attend a sale of rare books in order to snatch some treasure from the grasp of Lord Charlemont, whose friend Malone will not arrive to bid until later in the day. Then he goes home to enjoy a few hours sleep before putting in an appearance at Doctor Johnson's *levée.* A strange existence, truly ! And yet there are many phases in the history of literature which we could spare better than this apparently wasteful one, when the ball of conversation was tossed from one to another with such a reckless disregard of posterity.

CHAPTER V

THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE COLLECTIONS



PRACTICALLY speaking, the history of art in the earlier ages is simply the history of architecture. After the development of painting and sculpture as individual arts, they often suffered from being placed in an unsuitable environment, while architecture also suffered from the divorce. In these days, when architecture is once more taking steps in the right direction, there seems to be a wholesomer feeling for the integrity of art and, in many cases, architect, sculptor, painter and decorator are working together for the beauty and unity of a building as a whole.

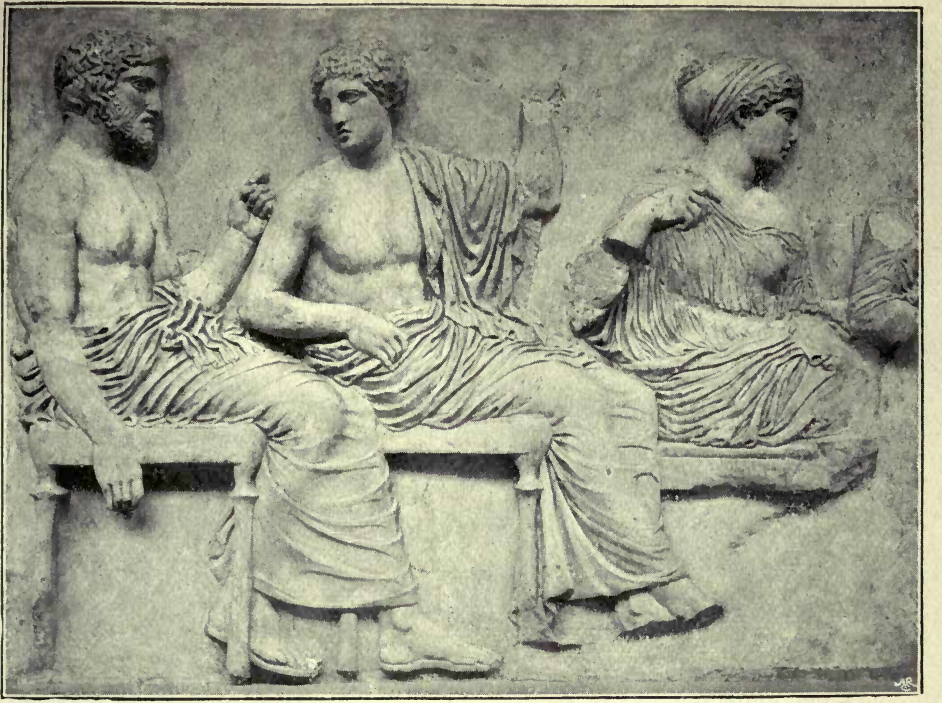
But the world is flooded with easel-pictures. Beautiful as they are—and it is undeniable that some of the greatest masterpieces of the world take this form—they become monotonous when herded together in large galleries and removed from all those surrounding objects which should give them value and breathing space and consistency. If the eye is fatigued even while it is rejoiced, at the sight of room after room of disconnected pictures, how much more would not the mind be wearied at the printed catalogue of its contents? We will, therefore, attempt no such task, but merely take a bird's-eye view of some of the chief treasures of this city, so rich in works of art, and of the museums and dwelling-places in which they are housed.

The British Museum, which stands on the site of Montagu House, is from designs by Sir Robert Smirke and was finished by his brother, Sidney Smirke, to whom we owe the great reading-room with its lofty dome. The exterior of the Museum may have its faults, but it has a certain sooty dignity and charm of its own when, on some bright day, the circling pigeons whirl round in the sunshine and settle on the knees of the gods in the pediment. Inside we find specimens of the art of many countries. We can wander from ancient Egypt to Greece, from Assyria or Chaldea to Persia, from ceramics to the jewellers' work of the Renaissance. We can wonder at the strange tombs of the Etruscans, or pause before the dull blue glass of the Romans, or turn our steps to the Print Room, where, besides inspecting the fine collection of prints and engravings and Japanese colour-prints, we can feast our eyes on the drawings of the old masters. But to most people artistic interest centres in the Elgin Marbles. Unspoilt by the hand of Time, by the loss of limb and by the isolated position they now occupy, these mighty figures seem to have been fashioned by Pheidias to be a pattern for ever of godlike beauty. They strike us with a sort of awe, an impression which deepens as we study them.

The British Museum, which was opened in 1759, originated in the purchase of the collection of Sir Hans Sloane in 1753. It was at first shown only to those who obtained a written order and they were conducted in parties of four or five by one of the officials; a striking contrast to the thousands who now pass in and out of the great museum and wander at will among its treasures.

There are some interesting busts in the Roman gallery and some good statues in the Græco-Roman rooms; the well-known Harpy Tomb is to be found here, and what remains of the great mausoleum of Halicarnassus, erected in 352 by Artemisia, Princess of Caria, has a large room to itself. Lord Elgin removed the Elgin Marbles from the Parthenon in 1801. On the way to England they were shipwrecked and recovered by divers, adding one more to the vicissitudes of life through which they had passed. The Government bought them in 1816 for about half the sum which Lord Elgin had expended on them.

The group of museums at South Kensington also offer an extraordinary variety of interesting matter. The collection of architectural casts is very valuable and the examples of original work of Italian sculptors, in many cases most precious, furniture, lace, vestments, tapestry, ceramics, musical instruments, iron-work and goldsmiths' work, can be



Photo, Mansell

British Museum

FROM THE FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON

studied at will, and many other things both beautiful and rare of which there is not space to speak here. There is a collection of water-colours which contains some good pictures of the English School, with a good deal of inferior work, and an art library which is of great use to students. In a narrow and rather dismal gallery we find Raphael's Cartoons, the glory of the collection as a whole. It is to be hoped that, as the Museum is being partially rebuilt and very much enlarged, these masterpieces may be seen to better advantage. They were executed by Raphael and his pupils for Pope Leo X.'s tapestries in the Sistine Chapel and lay neglected in the manufactory at Arras, where the tapestries were worked, until they were discovered there in 1630 by Rubens, who recommended Charles I. to buy them.

The National Gallery takes us to Trafalgar Square, where we find ourselves in the very heart of London. In the centre of the Square rises the granite Column erected to the memory of Lord Nelson after the battle of Trafalgar. It has a statue of Nelson at the summit and the four lions cast after Landseer's designs at the base. The National Gallery occupies a magnificent site on the north side of the Square and alas, as far as architecture is concerned, occupies it unworthily. It is by W. Wilkins, R.A., and has the portico which was removed from the Prince Regent's palatial Carlton House. Standing under this portico, facing the Square, we can notice the fine Grecian portico of the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, by Gibbs, which stands to eastward, beyond which the busy thoroughfare of the Strand runs into the southern corner of the Square at an angle to Whitehall. Here stands the equestrian statue of Charles I. by Le Sueur, the base of which was designed by Wren. To west Pall Mall East runs into Pall Mall, the street of clubs, and one of the finest in London.

The National Gallery collection originated in the purchase of the Angerstein Gallery in 1824. Sir George Beaumont, who was responsible for this initiative, added his own collection as a gift, so strongly was he in favour of the acquisition of a National Gallery.

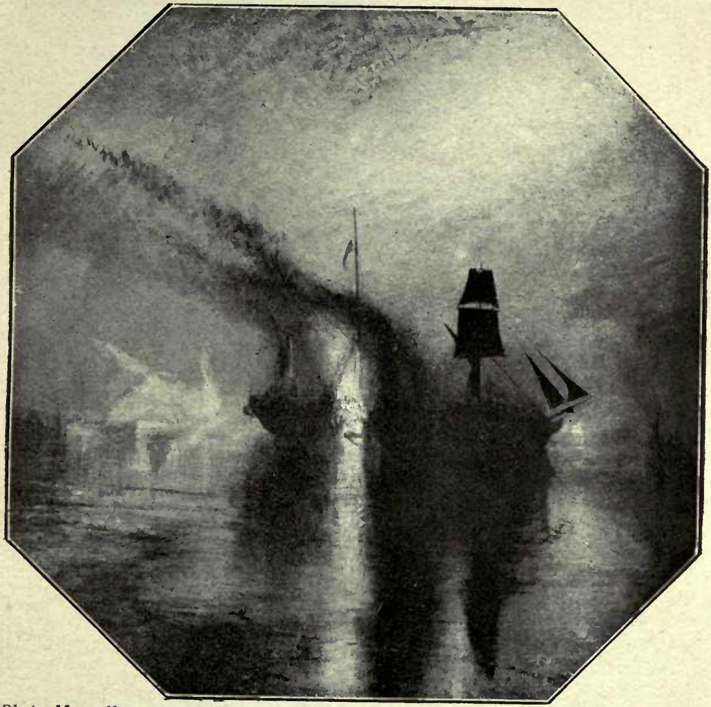
To any lover of art, this magnificent collection of pictures must give unending pleasure; but it should be seen with discrimination and without too much zeal. The sentiment, the careful workmanship, the gold and the colour of the Primitives, lead the mind onward, in a natural sequence, to the culminating glory of the Venetian School. In another mood we can study the progress of portraiture from a faint yet firmly outlined profile of Ghirlandaio to Bellini's well-known portrait of Doge Loredano; from the noble and sombre full-length "Knight of San Stefano," by Bronzino, to the dignified "Italian Nobleman," by Moroni, and the two portraits by Velasquez from the Longford Castle Collection. We can study, too, the great modern School of Landscape and compare Turner with Claude as they hang side by side, or go into the Turner Room before penetrating to the basement to see that master's water-colours. The collection of Italian paintings is the finest in Europe; the great schools of Spain and Holland are well represented. Possibly the weakest part of the collection is in the French School; a weakness which is now amply compensated by the strength of the Wallace Collection. As to the English School, it is well worthy of a special visit and should be seen with fresh eyes, before the mind becomes weary with too much concentration.

The National Portrait Gallery, which now stands at the back of the National Gallery, was opened to the public on April 4, 1896. The collection was begun in 1856, and housed temporarily in Great George Street, whence it was removed to South Kensington in 1869. It was lent to the Bethnal Green Museum for some years. The new gallery was presented to the nation by Mr. W. H. Alexander, on a site given by the Government. The gallery, naturally, contains some portraits which are more interesting from the historical than from the artistic point of view, but it is a most valuable and interesting collection and should on no account be passed by. It is admirably arranged in historical sequence and cannot fail to interest any one who has studied the history of this country, either from a literary or a political point of view. Perhaps the most interesting pictures may be found in the portraits of the Kings and Queens of England, beginning with Richard II., in the wits and beauties of the eighteenth century and in the fine series of portraits of distinguished men by

Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. The electrotypes taken from some of the monumental effigies of our Kings and Queens are of much interest, while an interest of a more poignant kind attaches to the one which has been taken from the plaster-mould of the face of the poet Keats. This cast was taken in his lifetime in the studio of Haydon, but it resembles a death-mask and has a curious foreshadowing of his early doom. In this room, which contains the series of portraits by Mr. Watts to which we have already alluded, hangs the portrait of the late Coventry Patmore, by Mr. John Sargent, R.A. The extraordinary vitality of this work, the masterly brushwork, the easy pose, the distinction of the whole, make it one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the master, who is undoubtedly one of the first portrait-painters of our day.

The Tate Gallery, which is also the munificent gift of a private individual, contains much of interest, including the pictures purchased by the Chantrey Bequest. Nothing can be said in favour of the exterior, which occupies a fine site, facing the river, but the interior, although a great deal of space is wasted, is rather attractive.

As the contents of this museum are discussed in the chapter on Modern Art, we will pass on to the Wallace Collection in Hertford House, the latest addition to the precious group of Art Museums which belong to the nation and which was bequeathed by the late Lady Wallace in 1894. It was brought together by Francis, third Marquis, and Richard fourth Marquis of Hertford, and was



Photo, Mansell

National Gallery

THE BURIAL OF WILKIE

BY J M. TURNER

greatly enlarged by Sir Richard Wallace, to whom the collection was left by the fourth Lord Hertford.

This collection is quite unique and has the advantage of a beautiful setting. On the ground-floor is the fine collection of European and Oriental armour, besides many works of art. Ascending the great staircase, which has the balustrade, or *rampe*, of forged iron and gilt bronze, originally in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris and which has the interlaced "L's," which prove that it was designed for Louis Quatorze, we find ourselves in the vestibule, where the dominant note of the whole gallery is struck. For here we see important works by Boucher and Fragonard, who meet us, as it were, on the threshold. In the centre a Regency writing-table of purple wood with mounts of gilt bronze supports some bronze groups; while to left and right the eye is caught by the two shades of rose in an Oriental porcelain vase and cover, and a clock by Lespinasse veneered with lapis-lazuli and decorated with a medallion in *camaïeu gris*.

With some such materials as this we can easily build up the fabric of the collection, which, with regard to French art, is richer than any other in England and surpasses, in some particulars, that of the Louvre itself.

In a room to the left of the vestibule are the fine series of works by Canaletto and Guardi; round the walls the cabinets are in the style of the Boulle *atelier;* while in the cases in the centre of the room we see the *rose du Barry* and the *verte pomme* of Sèvres china. It is the arrangement and the grouping of the works of art that double the pleasure of the visitor to this collection. The pictures are hung according to their school, but there is so much variety that monotony is impossible.

In the long gallery are the largest and many ot the most important pictures. Here we find the laughing cavalier of Franz Hals, with his upturned moustache and his orange and black slashed doublet, and we can study the three noble and sombre full-length portraits by Van Dyck. The wife of Philippe Le Roy is dressed in black and carries a black fan in her hand ; behind her a dark curtain hangs across a stormy sky. Her husband stands with his foot on a step and his hand on a dog's head against the angle of a house, with a sullen sunset in the background ; on the opposite wall is the "Italian Nobleman" in a black costume standing against a dark red curtain. In all these three pictures the luminous flesh tints tell against the surrounding shadow, relieved by the fine lawn and point lace of collar and ruffle, while the only touch of colour is some red, more or less subdued, in the background.

There is an equestrian portrait of gallant little Don Baltasar Carlos, ascribed to Velasquez, in this room, as well as a noble Avenue by Cuyp and some gems of the English School. Mrs. Carnac, eternally young and charming, stands with her hand on her hip in an attitude of arrested motion ; Nelly O'Brien sits with her face in shadow under her broad-brimmed hat, while Mrs. Hoare crouches on the ground with her baby in her arms and the Strawberry Girl looks upward with her quaint expression of Puck-like innocence. Mrs. "Perdita" Robinson is here too, limned both by Gainsborough and by Romney; while a little farther down we come on a dim Madonna by Luini, an Interior by Peter de Hooch, and a Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto.

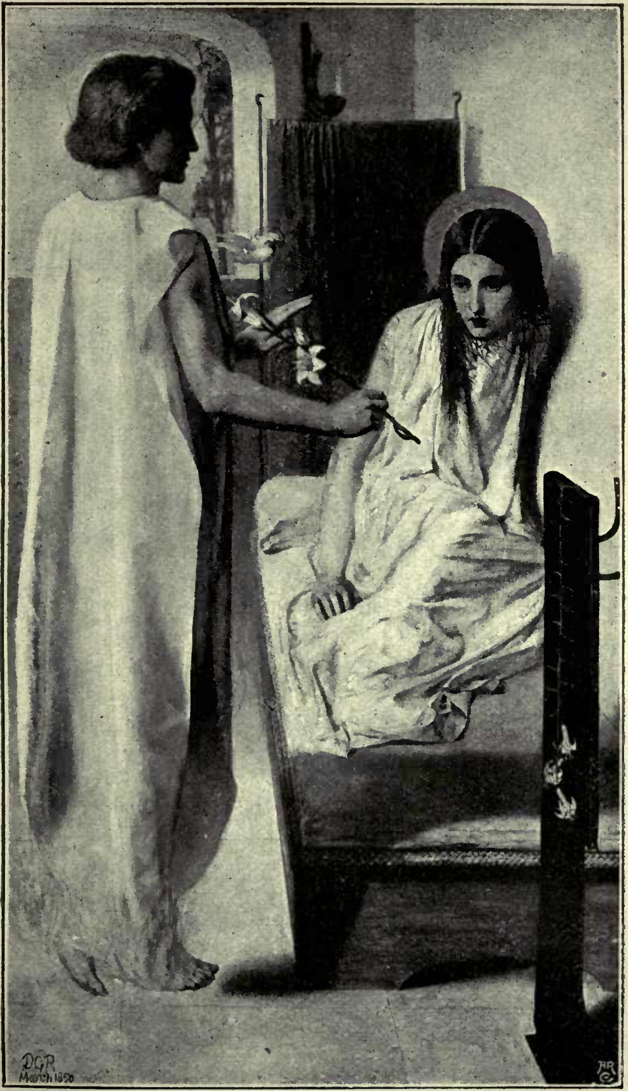
It is almost impossible to refrain from taking another turn in order to inspect the Bouchers, the Fragonards, the Watteaus, the Paters; but we have lingered long enough and must turn from the public galleries to those private collections where such vast stores of treasures have been accumulated.

Although the private collections are only shown to those who can obtain permission from their owners, it may be of some interest to take a brief glance at a few of the better known. The Royal collections, with the exception of Kensington Palace, are not shown in London, although the public has access to the galleries of Windsor and Hampton Court. We will therefore waste no time in an attempt to describe the contents of Buckingham Palace and St. James's Palace, but pass on to Kensington Palace, which stands in a peaceful seclusion in Kensington Gardens. William III. bought Nottingham House, as it was then called, in 1690 and employed Wren to add a storey to the old house and to build the present north front. It was a favourite residence with the King and both he and Queen Mary died here; but it is chiefly famous as the birthplace of the late Queen Victoria and has many interesting relics of her childhood. A statue of the Queen by H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, stands outside the enclosure in Kensington Gardens. It represents the Queen in her youth and was executed in the Princess's studio in Kensington Palace, where she does much good work. There are some interesting portraits to be seen in the Palace, which is well worth a visit.

Following Kensington High Street, we come to one of the most interesting and historical houses in London, Holland House. Built by John Thorpe for Sir Walter Cope in 1607, it is in the Tudor style, as were several other great houses built in the reign of James I. Henry Rich, first Earl of Holland, who married Sir John's only daughter and heiress, added the wings and arcades and caused the great Gilt Room to be decorated in honour of the marriage of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria of France.

The literary and political associations of Holland House are overwhelming. After the execution of the first Earl of Holland, the house was inherited by General Fairfax, who used to hold meetings here with Cromwell and Ireton. In 1665 it was restored to the family and in 1716 the widow of the third Earl of Holland, who had also succeeded to the title of Earl of Warwick, married the celebrated Addison, who died here in 1719. The property was afterwards sold to Stephen Fox, the father of the famous orator, who was created first Lord Holland. His grandson, the third Lord Holland, collected around him such a galaxy of wit and learning that Holland House became one of the most renowned intellectual centres in Europe.

It is impossible to over-estimate the charm of


DGR
March 1850

Photo, Mansell *Tate Museum*

THE ANNUNCIATION

By D. G. Rossetti

Holland House. As we pass through the iron gates designed by Inigo Jones and walk up the elm avenue, which affords occasional glimpses into the hayfield where Lady Sarah Lennox captivated the young King George III., the charm increases with every step. The house stands so well on its stone terraces, the time-worn red brick and stone have such beautiful colours, the mullioned windows break the line and the irregularity of the whole building is so infinitely fascinating!

The gardens are very well laid out, with a variety which does much to increase the apparent area. They are entered by an iron gateway with stone piers, whose double flight of steps encloses a fountain which is also by Inigo Jones. The cedars on the lawn, the formal garden, the arbour where Rogers the poet used to sit, the grassy slopes and banks of rhododendron have been written of many times, and there is not space here to do justice to the theme.

The ancient and dignified character of Holland House is maintained throughout. The damask hangings on the walls make an excellent background for the pictures, while the antique furniture and the cabinets filled with old china make up a whole which has not a discordant note. The dark oak Jacobean staircase leads through an ante-room, where there is an interesting series of pencil drawings by Mr. G. F. Watts, into the Gilt Room. The walls of this fine room are panelled in grey and ornamented with heraldic devices. It was decorated by Cleyn, who painted the medallions representing Charles I., Henrietta Maria, Francis I., and Sully in the great chimney-pieces which stand one each side of the door. He also decorated the ceiling with grotesques; but this, unluckily, has perished. The chimney-pieces are beautiful in design and have marble columns in the overmantel, between which Mr. Watts has painted allegorical figures on panels, to replace some which are lost. One feature of the house is the noble Library, a long gallery which stretches from one end to the other and which has charming views over the garden. Among the most valuable pictures in the collection are the portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds and his little "Muscipula," an elf-like child with a mouse-trap. There is an admirable portrait of Baretti from his pencil, the large picture of Charles James Fox, Lady Susan Strangway and Lady Sarah Lennox, besides portraits of other members of the amily. Scattered about the house and collected together in a room on the ground-floor, are Mr. Watts' admirable portraits of many notable people. They include Princess Lieven, Prince Jerôme Buonaparte, Antonio Panizzi, a replica of which is in the National Portrait Gallery, the Duc d'Aumâle and some family portraits.

Apsley House stands in a pleasant position, close to Hyde Park Corner. It was originally built of brick and was designed by the brothers Adam; the stone portico was added in 1828. It is interesting as having been the residence of the great Duke of Wellington and contains many relics both of the Duke and of Napoleon, a fine statue of whom, by Canova, is in the Hall. In the Waterloo Gallery, the great room where the Waterloo Banquets used to be held,is a magnificent collection of pictures, including Velasquez' "Water-seller," Correggio's "Christ on the Mount of Olives"; some portraits by Sir Antonio More and a portrait of Charles I. by Van Dyck.

Devonshire House, built by William Kent for the third Duke of Devonshire in 1733, can be seen through the iron gates as we pass up Piccadilly. It stands in a large and well laid-out garden, which reaches as far as Lansdowne Passage. Passing through the outer hall, a curved staircase of white marble with shallow steps leads to the Ball Room, a long room with walls covered with yellow damask and with a highly decorated ceiling. It is noticeable in this house that the panelling and wall decorations are all designed with a view to framing the pictures, and that the unity of effect is very good. All the rooms open out of each other, and it is an ideal house for entertaining purposes. In the Ball Room, which looks out over the garden, some good pictures are to be found, notably a fine portrait of the Prince and Princess of Orange by Jordaens, one of the best in the collection, and a beautiful "Adoration of the Magi" by Paolo Veronese. In the dining-room, which is panelled in white and gold, are some interesting portraits, including Lord Richard Cavendish by Reynolds, the portrait of himself by Franz Hals and a quaint group of the family of Sir Thomas Browne, author of "Religio Medici," by Dobson. The Saloon, which has a fine ceiling, has some portraits by Sir Peter Lely and in the green drawing-room is a good collection of miniatures.

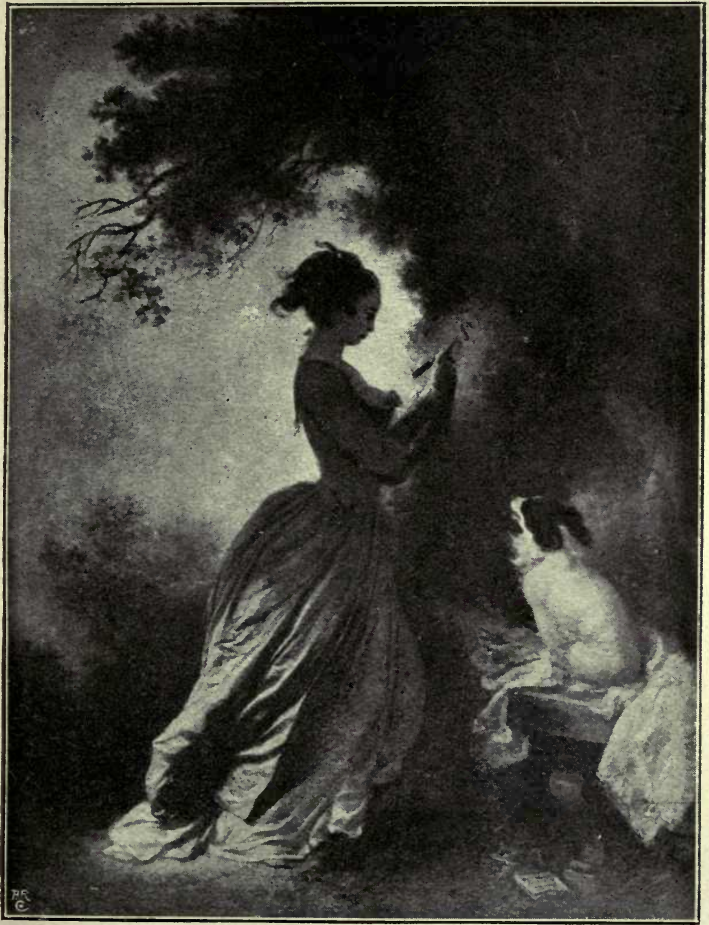
During the lifetime of the beautiful Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, Devonshire House was a rendezvous of wit and beauty and a stronghold of the Whigs.

Lansdowne House, which stands in a garden between the grounds of Devonshire House and Berkeley Square, was built by Robert Adam for Lord Bute, the Prime Minister and sold by him to Lord Shelburne, who was himself Prime Minister after Lord Rockingham's death and who was created first Marquis of Lansdowne. It was the first Lord Lansdowne who, after a visit to Rome, commissioned Gavin Hamilton, the Scotch painter and excavator, to supply him with statues with a view of forming a gallery of sculpture. It was during the palmy days of excavation in Rome and the researches of Gavin Hamilton in Hadrian's Tiburtine villa and in the Via Appia and other places, were crowned with success. The beautiful statue of Hermes, the gem of the collection, was discovered by him, and the fine statue of Marcus Aurelius, the Meleager, the Discobulus, the Amazon, the colossal head of Minerva, the Bacchic head of Antinuous, are all deserving of mention; besides the cinerary urns, the terminal figures, the round altar to Bacchus and the marble seat dedicated to Apollo. A gallery of antique marbles is so much rarer than a gallery of pictures, that no excuse is needed for dwelling on this collection, which is unique in London. The interior of the house is all decorated in the charming and graceful style peculiar to the Adam period; it is reminiscent of the eighteenth century in its delicate plasterwork, and the dining-room, especially, with its pale green walls and white statues in their circular niches, is distinctly suggestive of the art of Wedgwood. In this room is the last work of Canova, an exquisite statue of a sleeping woman.

The pictures, chiefly collected by the third Lord Lansdowne, include many works by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The full-length of Lady Ilchester and her children is in the library, where also are the portraits of Horace Walpole, of Garrick and of Sterne; the portrait of Kitty Fisher with a parrot has been removed to the drawing-room. In the library also is a noble portrait attributed to Giorgione of the architect Sansovino, and Tintoretto's finely characterised Andrea Doria, Sebastiano del Piombo's portrait of Count Federigo da Bizzola, a full-length by Hoppner, a portrait by Raeburn, a delightful Baby by Cuyp—these are only a few of the masterpieces in which this collection abounds.

Passing up Park Lane, we can scarcely refrain from pausing to consider the beautiful pictures and *objets d'art* owned by the Rothschild family, especially the exquisite collection of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild in Seamore Place. Three great Gainsboroughs are let into the white panelling of his dining-room—Mrs. Mears, Mrs. Beaufoy and Mrs. Lowndes Stone; while a fourth, the portrait of Mrs. Villebois, hangs in the drawing-room above. Romney's Mrs. Tickell and the Lady Hamilton by the same painter are also in this cabinet, which contains also a particularly fine collection of Dutch pictures, including Ter-Borch's "Music-Lesson" and some exquisite specimens of the voluptuous art of Greuze. The French furniture, much of it of the Louis Seize period, the clocks, the snuffboxes, the Limoges enamel, the miniatures, the goldsmiths' work, the Sèvres china, the three specimens of the rare and valuable Henri II. ware—to enumerate even a portion of these treasures would fill a page. We must, therefore, pass on to Dorchester House, a great stone palazzo in the Italian style, built by Lewis Vulliamy in 1851–53 for R. S. Holford, Esq. It is a beautiful house, both outside and inside. A staircase of pure white marble occupies three sides of the inner hall and an arcade of Corinthian pillars runs round the first floor. The walls of the hall are also marble and four great granite pillars stand at the entrance. In the great Saloon, which opens on to the staircase by rounded arch openings, is a glorious portrait of Marchesa Balbi, by Van Dyck, and there are also portraits by Bronzino and a fine full-length of a man by Dosso Dossi. In the green drawing-room is the head of a girl by Da Vinci in *grisaille*, while in the red drawing-room we find Van Dyck's dignified portrait of Abbé Scaglia and two full-length portraits by Velasquez. These noble portraits may be called the gems of the collection, although it offers many specimens of Italian art and some of the English School. There is also an old woman's head by Greuze and various works by Rembrandt.

Rembrandt, however, is better represented in Grosvenor House, which we find a little higher up



Photo, Mansell *Wallace Collection, Hertford House*

A LADY CARVING HER NAME

BY JEAN HONORÉ FRAGONARD

in Park Lane with the door in Upper Grosvenor Street.

This collection was formed by Robert, Earl of Grosvenor, and first Marquis of Westminster, who bought the Ellis Agar collection for 30,000 guineas. It is celebrated for the possession of so many *chefs d'œuvre* that it is hopeless to attempt to do justice to it in a paragraph. Perhaps the most popular of these are Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," and Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse. There are two examples of Velasquez's art, the "Portrait of a Young Man" and the equestrian portrait of Don Baltasar Carlos; and there are several works by Rubens, including the picture of himself and of his first wife in the characters of Paucias, the Greek painter and Glycera, the inventor of garlands; the flowers in this picture are by "Velvet" Breughel. The Rubens Room contains three large paintings, originally designed for tapestry, representing the Israelites gathering Manna in the Wilderness, the Meeting of Abraham and Melchisedek and the Four Evangelists with their emblems.

Passing through the drawing-room with its Gainsborough and its Reynolds, with its fine "Teniers Château," by Teniers the younger, and Rubens' boy-angels, we find in the next room four landscapes by Nicholas Poussin, Hobbema's "Forest Scene," with figures by Lingelbach, Gerard Douw's "Nursery," Paul Potter's "View of a Dairy Farm near the Hague," and Cuyp's beautiful golden "View of Dort."

The dining-room, besides works by Murillo, Teniers the younger, Van Huysum, Cuyp, Berghem, Rubens, Sustermans and Hogarth, has the exquisite Claudes from the Agar collection, the portrait of Van Dyck with a sunflower, by himself, and the portraits by Rembrandt to which allusion has been made. These portraits represent a man with a hawk, a lady with a fan, Nicholas Berghem and his wife, and lastly, the painter himself. Paolo Veronese, Titian and Guido are all represented in this gallery, and there is a fine work by Turner, "Conway Castle"; while, among the statuary, Donatello's "Laughing Boy" is the most noteworthy.

Of the houses remaining to consider, we may choose two which stand near together by St. James's Park—Stafford House and Bridgewater House. The former was built by B. Wyatt for the Duke of York, second son of George III., on the site of the Queen's Library, erected for Caroline of Anspach. The hall and staircase by C. Barry are extremely fine. The wide marble stairs divide into two flights; marble of various colour covers the walls, the grey marble Corinthian columns have gold capitals, and high up the slightly domed roof is supported by bronze caryatides. Three large pictures after Veronese are framed in marble and gold. The effect of the whole is very fine. In the great picture gallery and some of the adjoining drawing-rooms some good pictures are to be found, among which are Murillo's "Prodigal Son," Moroni's "Jesuit," and Raphael's "Christ bearing the Cross." The ceiling in the gallery is painted by Guercino.

Bridgewater House, the massive stone pile which stands just off Cleveland Square, is more like an Italian palace than a London house. It was built by Barry in 1840–50 for Francis, first Earl of Ellesmere, on the site of Cleveland House, which had been bought by the third Earl of Bridgewater in 1700. The last Duke of Bridgewater left this house, with his magnificent collection of pictures, to his nephew, the Marquis of Stafford, afterwards first Duke of Sutherland, with remainder to his second son, Lord Francis Leveson-Gower, who was created Earl of Ellesmere.

The Duke of Bridgewater purchased the original collection with the help of Mr. Bryan, who compiled the "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers." His most important acquisitions were from the Turnbull collection in 1798, the Orleans, Bryan, and Calonne collections in 1798, the Greffier Fagel in 1801 and the Holderness in 1802.

The Orleans collection, which was itself collected from some of the best cabinets in France, comprised also those forty-seven pictures which Queen Christina took with her to Rome after her abdication. It was sold by Philippe Egalité in 1792, and the French and Italian Schools were brought over to England and sold to Mr. Bryan, who was acting for the Duke of Bridgewater, the Earl of Carlisle, and Earl Gower, for £43,000.

The chief glory of this magnificent collection is to be found in the series of works by Titian, in the Raphaels, in Van Dyck's fine Madonna with the Infant Saviour and in the works of the Dutch

School, including examples by Metsu, Nattier, Rembrandt, Douw, Ter-Borch, and Cuyp's masterpiece, the "Landing of Prince Maurice at Dort."

The collection of Titian's works is interesting not only because it is the most complete in London, but because it shows the different styles in which he painted at different times in his career. The "Riposo" in Lady Ellesmere's sitting-rooms, formerly catalogued as a Palma Vecchio, is a very early specimen; the "Allegory of the Three Ages" was painted in 1509 when he was still under the influence of Giorgione and had just painted the famous "Sacred and Profane Love" now in the Borghese Gallery. The "Venus à la Coquille," from Queen Christina's collection, belongs to a late middle period; while the two companion pictures, painted when Titian was an old man, show his latest manner. They were completed in 1554 and despatched to Philip IV. of Spain in that year; later they were presented to Prince Charles of England. Owing to the rupture of the marriage negotiations, they were not delivered, but eventually found their way into the Orleans Cabinet.

In Lady Ellesmere's sitting-room is the beautiful head of Christ by Correggio and a small head which has been ascribed to both Luini and da Vinci and here also are the four Raphaels; the "Virgin of the Diadem" from the collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the "Holy Family" known as "La Belle Vierge," the "Bridgewater Madonna," and the "Sainte Famille au Palmier," in which the head of St. Joseph is said to have been copied from Bramante, the architect. On this floor, too, we have a portrait by Velasquez which represents the natural son of the Conde Duque de Olivarez and Margaret Spinola of Genoa, a tall melancholy youth who wears the ribbon and padlock of the Alcantara and whose romantic history is to be found in "Ruy Blas."

In this rapid summary it has been impossible to do justice to the private collections, or even to mention more than a few of the better known. The valuable collection of Dr. Ludwig Mond, the pictures at Spencer House, at Londonderry House, at Lord Iveagh's house in Grosvenor Place, and so many others, must be left unnoticed. But, in any case, there would be much repetition in any complete account of the art-treasures accumulated by connoisseurs and it is hoped that those which have been briefly described will be accepted as representative of the private collections of London.

CHAPTER VI

THE ART OF MODERN LONDON

A FRENCH critic, M. Camille Mauclaire, has lately written on the defects of the academic system and on the danger which attends a fixed ideal in art.

According to the academic creed, he tells us, an ideal of beauty has been attained by the Greeks which subsequent artists have either striven to realise, or must be considered as being utterly decadent. All attainment is to be gauged by the measure of this ideal and so, at one stroke, the whole of the future of art vanishes. Greek art, which in its day pulsated with life and progress, is to be considered as an unchangeable model of perfection, not only in spirit, but in letter. It is to be achieved, not by copying an existing school of Greek painting, but by imagining a Greek pictorial art derived from the study of their sculpture,

M. Mauclaire says *: "The nude of the Greeks is not of Correggio, nor of Rubens, nor of Rembrandt, nor of Courbet, of Renoir, of Besnard—and all are beautiful, because all immortalise a moment in the history of the human type." It is this cry for liberty and individuality, for progress down new avenues of thought to new manners of expression which is beginning to be heard in the studios of London and it is with some such ideas as these that we should set out on a pilgrimage to see what is being done in these latter days. We shall then understand the aims and objects of much art which has not yet arrived at its ultimate expression ; we shall feel hopeful of the future because the present is full of life and energy and we shall realise that modern art does not deny accepted canons even when it seems most contradictory. Few will deny that it is better to have achieved the great schools of open-air painting, of Impressionism and of Realism, to have striven to render atmosphere and the play of muscle rather than the exact anatomy of a tree or a dead body ; to have produced a Whistler or a Corot, or a Manet, rather than to have multiplied the copyists of a stagnant classicism.

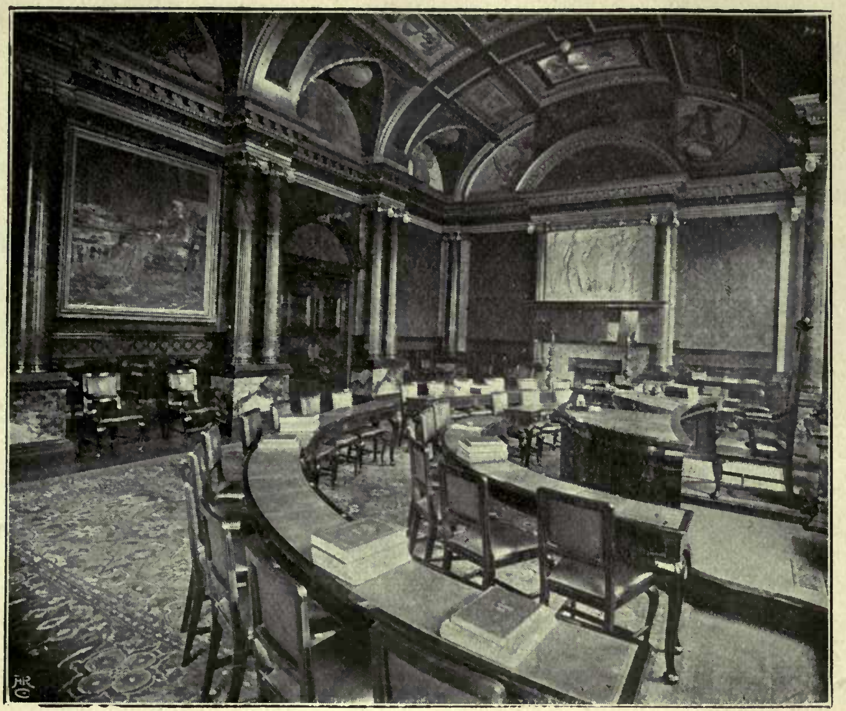
Art, then, is alive and active ; her votaries can be counted by thousands. So far, so good ; but from the artist's point of view it is not so satisfactory. The collector, who would not hesitate to give £2000 for a fragile morsel of Sèvres, would think twice before he gave the same number of hundreds

---

* Translated by Mr. Frank Rutter in his article in the *Sunday Times and Special* for March 4, 1904.

to a rising artist. This is more or less comprehensible. He is, probably, incapable of appreciating both ancient and modern art and, even if he were, would not trust his own judgment as to the future market value of a modern work. The regulation "old master" with a pedigree four hundred years old, may or may not be by the hand to which it is attributed, but it will be sure of a certain price in the picture market by virtue of its antiquity. There is, of course, always a demand for portraits and for landscapes — especially of garden scenery — and black and white work is always wanted for illustrations; but imaginative work is at a discount and decorative art has hardly any scope. There are exceptions to this rule, but they are only exceptions. Whistler's Peacock Room in Mr. Leland's house at Princes Gate, Mr. Waldo Story's Renaissance Room at North Mimms Park, the paintings by modern artists in the cloisters of the Royal Exchange, the decorations now being executed for the Skinners' Company occur to the mind at once; the pity of it is that such good examples should not have been more generally followed.

Again, the exhibitions of London are most inadequate and are chiefly open at that season of the year when people have least time, least money, and least inclination to buy pictures. It would probably repay some capitalist to refrain from giving London a new restaurant or a new hotel and to present her instead with a colossal picture gallery for the exhibition of modern works of art. If this gallery were open all the year round, including the months of



Photo, Art Repro. Co.

BOARD-ROOM AT LLOYD'S REGISTRY

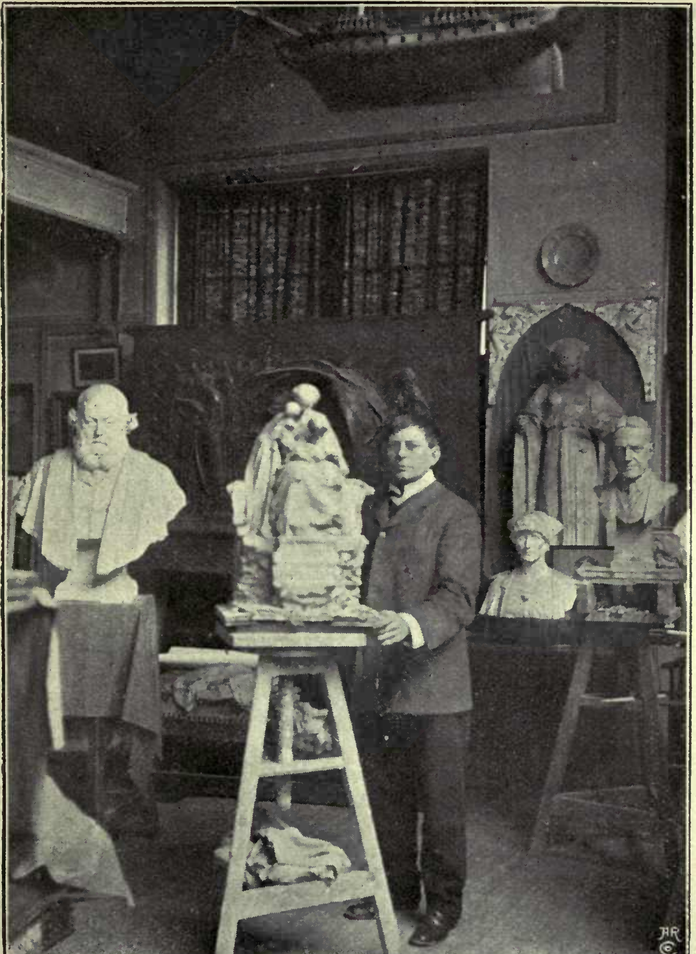
August and September, when tourists come to what is practically a city of the dead, it would doubtless score a financial success and would certainly be of great service to artists. As it is, many painters cannot even exhibit their works in the little private galleries for short periods; while many sculptors destroy good work for want of space to keep the plaster casts and for lack of funds to cast in bronze or execute in marble statues which might not find admittance to the overcrowded galleries.

To turn to a more cheerful subject. London is being beautified day by day; great buildings are being erected with some sense of what is due to a capital city and great thoroughfares such as Kingsway will mark the reign of King Edward VII. as an era of improvement in the annals of our city. The space in front of Buckingham Palace has gained much in perspective by the terrace with its balustrade which overlooks the water and few will regret the row of trees in the Mall which has been removed in order to make the new road.

As to the mother-art of Architecture, the outlook is hopeful. For many years the architects seemed incapable of giving us more than a copy of some work of the past, which they planted down in the most incongruous surroundings. Nowadays a more healthy spirit is abroad and there is not only a definite scheme as to the appearance of a building as a block, but some attention is paid to the effect it will have in conjunction with its surroundings. The new South Kensington Museum is only one of several important buildings in the hands of the indefatigable Mr. Aston Webb, R.A.; the new Gaiety Theatre in the Strand, the new School of Art Needlework in South Kensington and the most sumptuous house of business in London, Lloyd's Registry, can all be cited as interesting and beautiful examples of what has been produced by our architects within the last few years.

Lloyd's Registry is a building so unique in its own way, that we may devote a few words to it here. It is built in the Renaissance style, after the designs of Mr. Caldecott ; a style which seems very suitable to a great city, being massive, substantial, giving facilities for large windows and being generally adaptable to modern uses. It has also more scope for individual taste than any other style of architecture. The Renaissance was a revival of the spirit of Greek art, but not of the letter. The classical manuscripts which captivated the imagination of the Italians, inspired them to produce paintings and poems animated by the classical spirit and by the cult for Paganism ; but to produce it in a manner which was instinct with the genius of Italy, with the colour and presentment of her art. Architecture adopted the horizontal lines and the classic orders of pillars, but added to the structure much of the lavish decoration of the period and, in the hands of a skilful architect, the style was capable of new developments. The exterior of Lloyd's Registry is very fine and it has a beautiful sculptured frieze by Mr. George Frampton, R.A. The interior is remarkable for a profusion of coloured marble, much of it being from English and Irish quarries, notably the beautiful green Connemara marble, which is so decorative. At the head of the grand staircase is a statuette of the Spirit of British Maritime Commerce, by Mr. Lynn Jenkins, who is also responsible for the frieze which runs round the walls. He has a great feeling for design and makes skilful use of his materials; bronze, ivory, white marble, mother-of-pearl, gold and jewels being used with very good effect. The Board-room has wainscot and doors of West African mahogany; the walls are covered with French tapestry and the desks and seats are of inlaid wood. But the feature of the room is the ceiling, which is painted in panels by Professor Gerald Moira. It is light in key and admirable in design. The panels represent the signs of the zodiac, the months, the winds, the sea-horses; while the lunettes show stars, clouds and rainbows. All the designs are extremely decorative and all are appropriate to the great shipping firm whose business is transacted here. The pictures hung on the walls are out of place in this highly decorated room and would look better on a simpler background. The small Committee-room, panelled in English oak, has one picture over the fireplace, a fine, vigorous composition by Mr. F. Brangwyn, A.R.A. On the ground-floor is a beautiful chimney-piece in Carrara marble by Mr. Pomeroy.

In ecclesiastical architecture, probably the most important work executed of late years is the new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster. It is after the designs of the late Mr. John Francis Bentley and is in the early Christian Byzantine style, built of brick and stone; it has a Campanile 284 feet high, which is carved towards the summit and is surmounted by a metal-covered cupola which bears a double cross. The great west front is richly decorated; the building as a whole is imposing on account of its mass of masonry and its varied outline, but it can hardly be called entirely satisfactory. The gaunt blocks of flats which surround it make an *entourage* which it would be difficult to discount, and the style is not very well suited to the country or the climate. But once inside, criticism is silent. Such spacious aisles, such vast height, such a feeling of majestic size, has seldom been achieved in modern times. Built after the fashion of San Marco at Venice, of San Vitale at Ravenna, especially of Sancta Sophia at Constantinople, it exactly resembles none of them, although it bears out its character in every detail. Two classical quarries have been reopened to adorn this cathedral and the work of decoration, as far as it has gone, is most impressive. We find here *verde antico* from Thessaly, *cipollino* from Switzerland and Eubœa, *breccia* from near Verona, red marble from Languedoc, white marble from Carrara and granite from Norway. The pillars are composed of monoliths of marble standing on a base of Norwegian granite and the capitals are varied in every case, including those in the crypt.



MR. GEORGE FRAMPTON, R.A., IN HIS STUDIO

The roof is being decorated with mosaic, the side chapels are being gradually encased with precious material, but the aspect of the church is still one of bare grandeur.

It would be misleading to attempt any notice of the work of individual artists, as that notice could not fail to be incomplete. But it may be possible to gain some idea of the different schools which are influencing modern art and to take a bird's-eye view of the work of some of the more representative members. The group of sculptors is smaller than that of the painters, but it contains many distinguished names.

The work of Mr. George Frampton, R.A., is interesting to us for many reasons. His style, which recalls the work of the Italian sculptors of the fifteenth century, is yet quite individual, and he has made an excellent use of colour. His industry is prodigious and whether the visitor knocks early or late at the door of his studio in Queen's Road, St. John's Wood, he will find the sculptor hard at work, with a modelling tool in his hand and a cigarette in his mouth. His art has manifested itself through varied channels. He has executed many portraits in bronze and marble, has given us imaginative work like his "Dame Alice Owen," his "Mysteriarch" and his "Lamia," his memorial statues of the late Queen Victoria have gone into many lands and he has designed memorial tablets and commemorative medals. The frieze on the exterior of Lloyd's Registry and the great doorway of Electra House show his power of using sculpture for architectural purposes, and he has a talent for laying out public spaces in towns which has hitherto been exercised only in the provincial cities of England, but which may one day be fitly employed in London.

Mr. T. Brock, R.A., is at present engaged in completing the memorial to the late Queen Victoria which is to stand facing Buckingham Palace; Mr. A. Gilbert, R.A., is exhibiting a colossal head in colour, which is part of a contemplated memorial to Beethoven, and he is also starting a school of art in Bruges. Mr. Waldo Story has his studio in Rome, but much of his beautiful decorative work comes over to England; Lord Rothschild's billiard-room at Tring Park, Mr. L. de Rothschild's fountains at Ascot, Mr. Astor's garden decoration and fountains at Clivedon testify to his versatility and talent. Professor Legros, who is not exhibiting this year, has also done some good work in this style, notably the fountains at Welbeck Abbey. Professor Lantéri has a fine head of a labourer and a bronze statuette for the Academy; Countess Feodora Gleichen, whose work is well known in Paris and London, has increased her reputation by the memorial to two officers who fell in the South African War. Mr. Derwent Wood, who is influenced by the French School, has completed a large relief entitled "Love and Life: Sacred and Profane." Mr. Tweed is a follower of M. Rodin. The charming "Girdle" and "Springtime of Life" of Mr. Colton, A.R.A., are to be seen in the Tate Museum, where is a fine statue by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., and the spirited "Boy at Play" of Mr. Goscombe John. The work of Mr. Pomeroy and Mr. Lynn Jenkins is always interesting. Mr. Henry Pegram is another accomplished sculptor. Mr. John Furse has just completed a model of a beautiful group of an Angel and Child for a tomb; Mr. Alfred Drury, A.R.A., is engaged on decorations for the new building of the Royal London Friendly Society. Messrs. Stirling Lee and Toft are chiefly engaged in portraits, and Mr. F. Mowbray Taubman, who is a pupil of Constantin Meunier, is an artist of great ability. Signor Pietro Canonica can hardly be claimed as a native artist, but his work is attracting much attention in London, where it is now exhibited.

The list is a very incomplete one, but when we consider the different schools of painting, the difficulties of selection increase. To begin with the Classical School, the most distinguished member is Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, R.A. His house stands in a large garden in Grove-End Road, St. John's Wood. Passing through the garden with its pools of water and its pergolas covered with roses, the individuality of the artist already makes itself felt and, as the hall-door opens, a steep flight of brazen steps confronts the visitor and recalls most forcibly the technique of his art. From the drawing-room, a large, restful, comfortable room, whose walls are represented in Lady Tadema's charming little picture of a Cavalier lady which stands on an easel, we pass to the studio, where the interest of the house naturally centres.

In the centre of the room stands an easel which supports a picture which at once arrests the attention. It represents Pharaoh's daughter being borne by her attendants through the garden of the palace, with the infant Moses carried by her side in his cradle of papyrus. Behind the procession is the blue of sky and water, in front a wealth of delphinium, deep blue, pale blue and violet. It is a gorgeous colour scheme; the solidity of the treatment, the detail of the marble, the delicacy of the flowers, all show the master at his best. Here, truly, we have no apostle of a dead classicism, but a virile and individual genius who has taken his inspiration from the classics and has interpreted it according to his own lights.

It is not until the picture has been studied that the surroundings assert themselves. The studio is large and lofty with a domed ceiling of silver. On the right the great window takes up the wall space, on the left a grand piano and a writing-table stand in front of a circular seat in a recess, behind which are Oriental hangings of dull crimson. On a daïs, facing the door, is the model's chair with a piece of drapery, evidently left by Pharaoh's daughter, as the picture is not quite finished; it is the only sign of work visible. The floor is of inlaid wood, marble gleams from the walls; it is a most magnificent work-room.

Sir Laurence has two daughters, one of whom has a marked talent for art and if we visit the garden studio on our way out, we may find another distinguished woman artist, Miss Mary Gow, who is painting here while her own studio is being prepared. Miss Gow, whose miniature-like portraits first attracted attention in the New Gallery some years back, is now engaged on half life-size portraits in water-colour, which combine both breadth of style and delicacy. A half-finished picture is on the easel. The figure, clothed in the flowing white drapery of the Sir Joshua period, stands with one foot lightly crossed and one elbow leaning on a pedestal which supports an urn. The background is scarcely touched ; the technique is subtle. It has the sentiment of the eighteenth century with a modern note.

But we have wandered from the Classical School. It may be mentioned here that the house of the late Lord Leighton, P.R.A., is open to the public, and that there is an interesting collection of his drawings and some of his pictures always on view. The Arab Court with its latticed windows and its tinkling fountain is a delightful resort on a hot summer's afternoon and the house will interest any one who is curious in these matters. Series of concerts, too, are held in the studios, and many little exhibitions are to be seen here in the course of the year.

Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., is another well-known member of this school and his "Visit to Esculapius" may be seen in the Tate Museum. In this gallery, where the works of Academicians and some few outsiders purchased by the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest may be studied, we find a great deal that is interesting. Mr. Orchardson's

"Napoleon," W. Andrew Gow's "Cromwell at Dunbar," Professor Herkomer's "Chapel of the Charterhouse," Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Magic Circle," Mr. Luke Fildes' "Doctor," all these are notable pictures, and deserve a place on the walls. The same may be said of Mr. Gotch's "Allelujah," of Mr. J. Sargent's "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose," and of the "Flower Girl" of Mr. J. J. Shannon, which marked such an interesting new development of his art. The trustees may be congratulated, too, on acquiring Mr. Tuke's "Boys Bathing," Mr. Swan's "Prodigal Son," and the pictures of Mr. La Thangue and Mr. Clausen which hang opposite to each other. Mr. Adrian Stokes, Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. Wyllie, Mr. Napier Hemy, Mr. Vicat Cole, Mr. Logsdail, are all represented here by good work, but on the whole the collection is very incomplete. What a representative exhibition of English art this might become, if it were only brought up to date! As it is, it is interesting for some of the older pictures, such as Millais' beautiful "Ophelia," and for the pictures which Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., has presented to the nation. The finest of them are, probably, "Love and Death," "Love and Life," "Sic Transit," "Hope," and "For he had Great Possessions." We have already noticed Mr. Watts' portraits; the Tate Gallery possesses many of his imaginative works. As a portrait-painter he could easily have realised a large fortune, but he preferred to paint according to his fancy. Mr. Watts has been a hard worker all his life, and he still rises at 3.30 in the summer mornings and paints, with short intervals for rest and food, during the whole day. His art has had two phases. In the earlier he painted more solidly, used more medium and was more intent on characterisation, although imaginative art always fascinated him; in the later, the love for symbolism and the desire to express mystery with the brush gained the upper hand. He now uses pure colour ground in the studio, to which he adds so little medium that his pictures resemble fresco rather than oil-colour. His "Fugue," exhibited this year in the New Gallery, will prove that, although he is chiefly intent on expressing an idea beautifully, his sense of form and colour are as strong as ever. The collection of pictures which has been for so long open to the public in Melbury Road, has now been removed to his country home, Limnerslease, near Guildford, where they may be seen with others from his private collection.

Mr. Holman Hunt, the head of the Pre-Raphaelite School, has just given us a new "Light of the World," and Mr. Strudwick is another exponent of this school. It would probably be right to name Mr. Byam Shaw in this connection, who has just completed several pictures for the exhibition. One of these is most characteristic of his style. The composition is full without being crowded; the landscape is vivid green, the water is shadowy, and the allegorical figures leave the impression of a vision of gold and orange and red. Miss Fortescue Brickdale, whose charming imaginative work has some affinity to that of Mr. Shaw, rose quite suddenly to public favour in a " one woman show " some two years back.

Mr. Edwin Abbey, R.A., is just completing his great picture of the Coronation of King Edward VII., which should prove a new departure in the representation of pageants, he having a talent for treating masses and being possessed of an opulent palette.

In Tite Street, Chelsea, Mr. John S. Sargent, R.A., has his studio. It is a large, lofty room, capable of containing the huge canvases in which he sometimes indulges. Perfect in construction, excellent in characterisation, Mr. Sargent has endowed his work with a most interesting individual note. His brushwork may strike the eye as dashing, as audacious, or as being merely what painters call " chic " ; the security and ease with which he attains his ends are obvious. He is a perfect master of his tools and any one who has watched him at work must have been struck with the ease with which he attains the effect desired. Mr. Sargent is also a man who holds to his own convictions, and, if he chooses to paint a dummy hand in order to concentrate the interest in the head, he will do so in spite of the critics. He is an expert, too, in backgrounds, touching in an Empire commode with a cup and saucer standing on its marble top, or a leafy screen of foliage in a way that can only be described as masterly. Both he and Mr. Abbey have executed interesting decorations for the Library at Boston, U.S.A.

The most distinguished landscape exhibited this

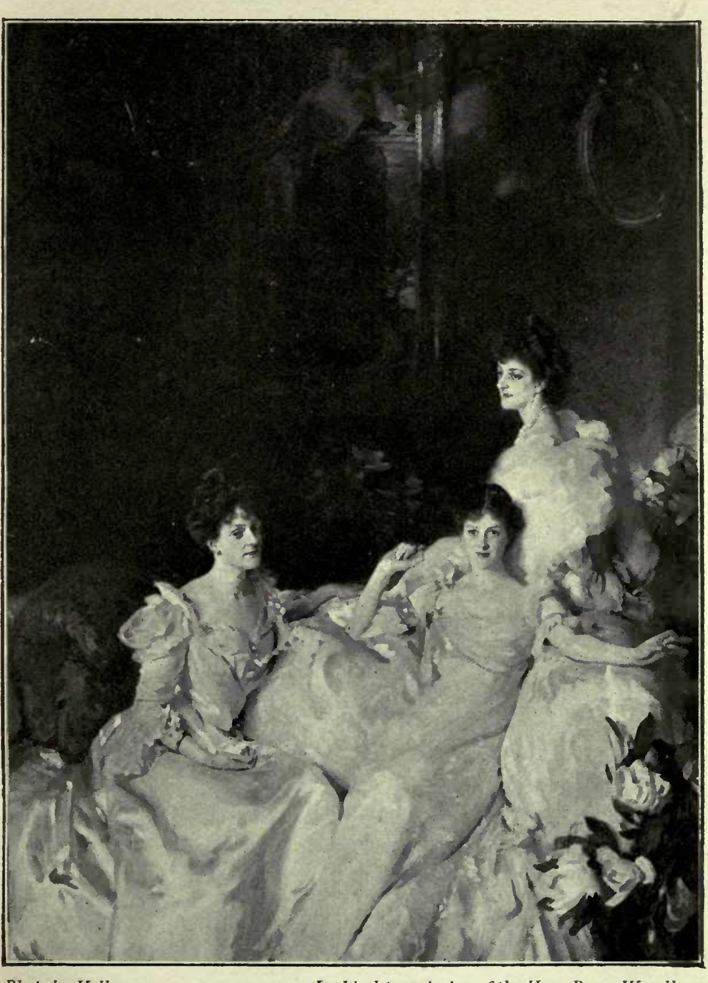


Photo by Hollyer *By kind permission of the Hon. Percy Wyndham*

PORTRAITS OF LADY ELCHO, MRS. ADEANE AND MRS. TENNANT

BY JOHN S. SARGENT R.A.

year is the beautiful "Folding-time" of Mr. E. Stott in the New Gallery. Mr. Walter Donne has an extremely fine picture of sunrise entitled "Golden Dawn," which is exhibited in the Royal Academy, and some good work is to be seen in the New English Art Club.

That school which is represented by the New English Art Club has its headquarters at Chelsea, and many members of the Glasgow School, living and working in London, congregate in the Chelsea Art Club. These two bodies of painters have much in common, and yet show a good deal of divergence. Both are against the academic tenets; both are seeking new effects and breaking new ground, without in the least forsaking the maxims of the great masters or despising their methods. The New English Art Club is an eclectic body with definite aims and the exhibitions, although the committee is generous to outsiders considering the limited space at its disposal, always preserves its character. It is principally an exhibition of landscape, although good figure-painting is always to be seen. That excellent artist, Mr. P. Wilson Steer, seldom exhibits elsewhere, while Mr. Furse, A.R.A., Mr. Rothenstein, Mr. C. H. Shannon, Professor Fred Brown, Mr. Tonks, Messrs. Orpen, John, Hartrick, D. S. MacColl, Moffat Lindner, McEvoy, Sickert, and Russell are generally well represented.

The Glasgow artists, whose point ot union, even if their methods differ, lies in the cult of Whistler, have studied abroad, chiefly in Paris and in Japan.

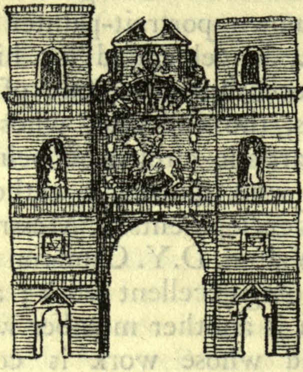
In this they differ from the artists just mentioned, who have, for the most part, studied in England.

The late J. M. Whistler influenced modern art very largely. He was essentially a decorative artist and he abhorred the literary interest. He wished his pictures to be well composed, to make an agreeable pattern, as it were, before he considered other points to be attained. He seldom troubled about the character of his model, although he succeeded admirably when he did do so ; he was generally more intent on the decorative qualities of his picture and was much impressed with the beauty of the silhouette. His methods were as various as the mediums he used, but he was always the same in principle. It is this principle which binds together the Glasgow School. Their work is conspicuous for good composition and for well-balanced colour. This colour suffers as colour from their too faithful study of the old masters ; from a desire to reproduce not only the effect gained by a restrained pallette, but by that which has been added by the hand of Time. But though this very low-toned painting may be a defect which some members of this school should guard against, it must be admitted that their values are nearly always true. The school is noted for many painter-like qualities and for the possession of much talent.

Sir James Guthrie, P.R.S.A., lived for two years in London without obtaining any recognition, but he is now acknowledged to be a most distinguished artist. Mr. John Lavery, R.S.A., has a studio in

Cromwell Place. His work is much admired on the Continent, and his fine picture of a "Lady in Black" hangs in the Berlin National Gallery. Mr. Lavery works a good deal in Berlin, where he finds much to interest him, and it is a noteworthy fact that this school receives more sympathy abroad than it does at home. Sir George Reid, R.S.A., is another well-known portrait-painter; Mr. George Henry, R.S.A., is celebrated for his portraits of men, and has recently painted one of the late Mr. J. Staat Forbes, the collector, whose loss will be keenly felt in artistic circles, he being one of the rare art-lovers who showed a catholic sympathy with modern developments. Messrs. Harrington Mann, E. A. Walton, D.Y. Cameron and Alexander Roche are all doing excellent work; and Mr. Alexander Jamieson is another member who is resident in London and whose work is coming to the front.

It would be impossible to conclude this brief and necessarily incomplete survey without mentioning the name of Mr. Walter Crane, R.W.S., who is the President of the Arts and Crafts, and who has done so much for decorative art in England. If space permitted, there would be much to say about illustration, design, and other allied arts; as it is, we can only mention that there is much activity in these quarters, and that some interesting work is being done. On the whole, it may be conceded that the general outlook of Art in London is hopeful.



Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
London & Edinburgh

LIBRARY
21
JUN
1978
UNIVERSITY
OF TORONTO

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

N
6770
E7

Erskine, Steuart
London as an art city